THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

1/-
MONTHLY

APRIL, 1929

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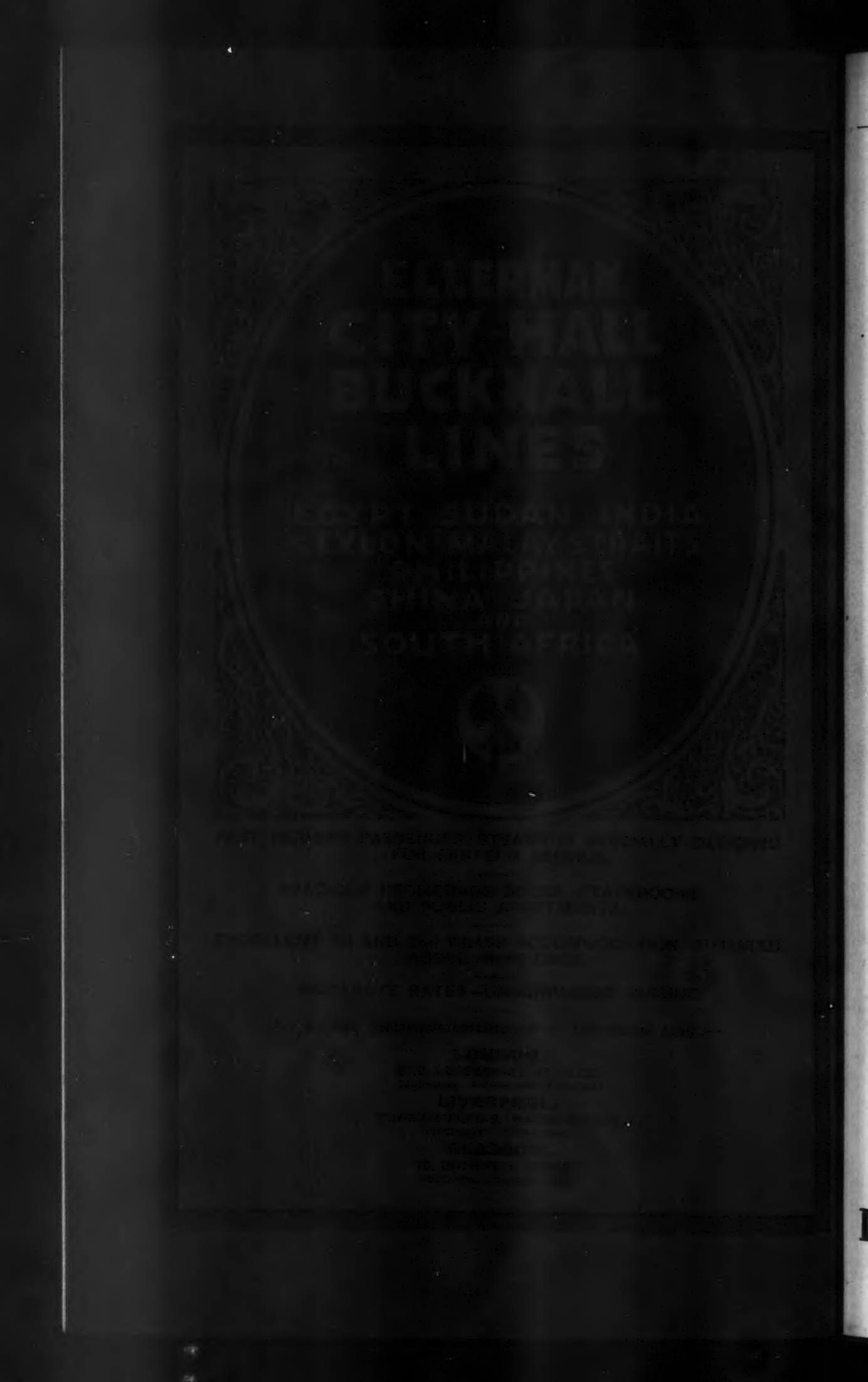

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
APRIL, 1929

Correspondence

King Constantine

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter in this month's number of your REVIEW is to the point and puts the position clearly.

It does not go far enough, however. Apart from any wrong advice received by King Constantine, it was perfectly clear that Constantine thought that victory would lie with the Central Powers, and he was really much more "pro-German" than "pro-British" (and her Allies).

You can depend upon this—that, if Germany had won the war, Constantine would have come out in his true colours all right! No: this campaign to write up the ex-King of Greece won't work, and not many who studied the position closely at the time in our own and in the Continental Press would have much doubt as to the true situation.

It is, however, fair to his memory to say that he was not the only neutral European King who showed a bent towards the Central Powers at some stages and who are now quite forgotten as having done so.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow. "VERITAS."

Armistice Day and Pacifism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Carlton Hall's reply to my recent criticisms in your columns is an ingenious example of careful selection. Of the distinguished soldiers and sailors on the Executive Committee of the League of Nations Union whom I mentioned, he has attempted to prove

BARRIE ON TOBACCO

From "My Lady Nicotine"

NOTHING is more pitiable than the way some men of my acquaintance enslave themselves to tobacco. Nay, worse, they make an idol of some one particular tobacco. I know a man who considers a certain mixture so superior to all others that he will walk three miles for it. Surely everyone will admit that this is lamentable. It is not even a good mixture, for I used to try it occasionally; and if there is one man in London who knows tobaccos it is myself. There is only one Mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild, yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out of it. Then I telegraphed to London for more, and was miserable until it arrived. How I tore the lid off the canister! That is a tobacco to live for.

Craven

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LITERARY ACROSTIC, No. 68

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W.1.

that one has pacifist tendencies, ignoring all reference to the others. Thus he tacitly admits the truth of my statement that the Union "includes in its ranks many shades of opinion."

Similarly, your correspondent chooses the names of a handful of the Union's long list of speakers in an attempt to prove his case. Whatever may be said of the men and women in question, it must be admitted by every fair-minded person that they are eminent authorities whose opinions on peace and war at least deserve a hearing. At the same time, other points of view are often put forward on the Union's platform. Recent speakers for the Union have included Admiral Mark Kerr, Rear-Admiral Allen, Mr. Locker-Lampson, and Mr. Duff Cooper, M.P. The list could be prolonged almost indefinitely.

At the Conferences which it has organized, it has been the policy of the League of Nations Union to ventilate all sides of the questions discussed. In proof of this, I need only refer to the most recent, the Conference on Armaments held during December in the Royal Institute of International Affairs. The authorities secured by the Union to address the Conference included Major-General Sir William Robertson (Chief of the Imperial General Staff during the war), Brigadier-General Groves (Director of Air Operations on all fronts), Lord Halsbury, and Major Victor Lefebure, the well-known expert on gas warfare.

No apology should be needed for quoting from the messages of H.M. the King to the Union, for he has always shown himself a good friend of the organization. He has, at all events, granted the Union a Royal Charter.

Yours, etc.,

LESLIE R. ALDOUS.

31 Union Square,
Islington.

The Return of Illiteracy

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Douglas Jerrold in his "Current Comments" discusses "The Return of Illiteracy," and quotes as one example the heavy increase in Soviet Russia.

I think it is commonly accepted that the literacy of Russia has never reached a very high standard generally. To conclude that any depreciation is directly due to "Socialistic legislation" is dismissing the subject without having due regard to the influences of increased population or prevailing economic conditions.

Any figures quoted on this question must of necessity be accepted with reserve.

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

APRIL, 1929

Current Comments

IT is a tragic coincidence that the anniversary of Ludendorff's great offensive of 1918 should have seen the death of the great soldier who was primarily responsible for checking its onrush. Ten years of "revelations" have lowered the stature of most of the military leaders on both sides, but it will be an unscientific (i.e. a "scientific") theory of war which dims the lustre of Marshal Foch's reputation. He provided what was lacking to the Allies; not military science, not men, not equipment, not tanks—and certainly not tactical skill. He provided them instead with moral force, with the inspiration of his indomitable will, which had a sufficient backing of military talent, experience, and personal prestige to make itself felt. To be chosen generalissimo on the nomination of the Commander-in-Chief of the vast armies of a more powerful nation is probably the greatest compliment ever paid to a soldier in the field.

Foch

IT was more than a compliment, however, It was a proof of a greatness of character which, by its mere presence in the counsels of the Allies, was probably the deciding factor in winning the war. For a hundred men technically capable of leading the Anglo-French forces in 1918, it might well have been that there was not one capable of being accepted as commander. There was one, and he has been judged capable of commanding, though he commanded. Now he is dead. He was not only a great soldier, but a great writer. His military studies form an amazing volume, and convey an impression of intellectual and moral force which justifies for once the old saying that the style is the man. He is believed to have left a diary. If so, it will be the most important contribution to military history for many generations.

His Greatness

THE outstanding political event of the month has been the publication of the Liberal unemployment scheme.

The Liberal Unemployment Scheme

Let it be said at once that the title, "We Can Conquer Unemployment," * is in one sense no idle boast. Mr. Lloyd George proposes to spend more than £250 millions, and in spending this sum to employ for two years 586,000 men at present unemployed. The exact allocation of expenditure to services and the number of men to be employed on each is as follows:

	Number to be employed.	Cost.
Roads and Bridges	350,000	£200,000,000
Housing	60,000	no estimate
(this is to provide 40,000 subsidized houses a year additional to those building or to be built under existing schemes)		
Telephones	60,000	£30,000,000
Electrical development	62,000	£24,000,000
Land drainage	30,000†	no estimate
London passenger transport	24,000	£17,000,000

A FOOLISH mistake is being made by many Conservative and Labour critics of these proposals. If there is one thing about them that is obvious, it is that the estimate of persons to be employed can be accepted without reserve. Any one can absorb 586,000 of the unemployed within six months, if he has the authority of the State behind him to borrow sufficient money to pay out in wages and if he is at liberty to dig up half the countryside to find employment. There is, indeed, a perfectly simple way of abolishing unemployment altogether for two years: all that is necessary is to declare war on a first-class military power, and we shall see our charwomen once more resplendent in fur coats and grand pianos in the munition makers' cottages. Quite literally, and quite seriously, any fool, or any knave, can reduce unemployment to pre-war limits for two years. The only man who is handicapped in doing so is a far-sighted man. The problem is to reconstruct our productive industries or to foster new ones. To employ half-a-million more men on services connected with the distribution of the same quantity of goods is not far-sighted statesmanship.

The Critics' Mistakes

* "We Can Conquer Unemployment." Cassell. 6d.

† This number is given as 35,000 on pages 42 and 43 of the pamphlet, but sinks to 30,000 on page 53. Charitably, I take the lower estimate.

These services can only be wisely developed within far narrower limits.

Roads

Roads have attracted the attention of Mr. Garvin as well as Mr. Lloyd George. It sounds very statesmanlike to talk about road-making as productive expenditure. So it is. It produces, oddly enough, roads. Roads attract traffic, of course, but they do not create much except waste traffic. Mr. Lloyd George refers to our agricultural industry as handicapped by bad roads which prevent the systematic marketing of farm produce. This is nonsense. The trouble with British agriculture is that our farm produce cannot compete in the town markets with foreign produce, except at a price which is not economic. Cure this, and the demand for agricultural produce in the great markets will produce the traffic which will produce the roads. The coalmine does not spring up next to the siding. At a time when every railway is paying dividends out of reserves for lack of goods traffic it is surely balderdash to pretend that better main roads, which on long distances can never compete economically with railways, will create traffic. Better roads are a convenience to passengers because they are subsidized. If the motor users had to pay interest on the capital sunk in roads, the cost of road transport would exceed rail transport even for short journeys. Let us be quite clear on this. Mr. Keynes is quite right in claiming that a vast expenditure on capital works may well be justified, not only politically but economically. But in what true sense are roads "capital works"? Roads do not and cannot create wealth. They cannot help our export trade; they cannot enable starving men, thrown out of employment by the collapse of our export trades, to buy more goods. Obviously a new road, by bringing traffic and providing amenities, normally enriches the country it passes through, but this enrichment is dependent absolutely on the need for the road. If a road is built to accommodate the growing traffic, it is merely one among other coinciding symptoms of growing wealth. If it is built to accommodate diverted traffic, it is one among other coinciding symptoms of a new distribution of wealth. If it is built as part of an electioneering programme, it is merely a shabby political dodge.

THESE may seem strong and even heartless words. But a little careful thought will show the opposite. I am not concerned to defend the inaction of the present Government in the face of unemployment. I do not believe that unemployment is insoluble; and I think that this Government, though they have been disastrously handicapped by the general strike, have failed to do all that was possible to solve it. But it is better not to have succeeded in solving it than to perpetuate it. That must be, can only be, the ultimate effect of the Liberal proposals. I said above that, ethical considerations apart, it would be simpler to start another war. From the standpoint of economics, that is literally the case. The problem, as Mr. Lloyd George sees it, is that of getting enough money to spend without piling up taxes: the money he requires will be raised more cheaply and in larger amounts from patriotic citizens of a nation at war than from the City of London in the second decade of the great peace. But assuming this political difficulty is surmounted, what is the result going to be? The interest on the loan to be raised is a permanent charge on the taxpayer, which means a permanent charge on British industry. Meanwhile, for two years, 586,000 men are being employed on work which is, *on every reckoning and by universal admission*, unproductive at the moment. In other words, we shall have *a substantially increased call on goods and services* operating on an *identical supply*. This means rising prices, wages disputes, and the loss of export markets. In addition, the loan will inevitably raise the rate of interest and may check the supply of new capital to our productive industries at a time when the reconstruction of their plant is imperative. By the time these 586,000 men have been employed for two years, *how many other men will be on the road to being unemployed?*

The Real Case Against the Road Programme

THE answer to the problem is quite simple. As long as more and more money is being spent by the State, so long will the boom last. The slump will come exactly when it came after the war, i.e. when we stop spending. *Wealth is the production of goods available for exchange in the world's markets* —that, and nothing else. We reduce unemployment

How Long Does a Boom Last?

only by producing more goods of this nature. To pretend that we can solve it by increasing the facilities for the *distribution* of goods on terms which must inevitably and immediately increase the cost of the goods without increasing the supply is mere humbug. Unpleasant humbug, too. Let us, however, be thankful for small mercies. The humbug is sometimes so ridiculous as to be amusing. Mr. Lloyd George's anonymous pamphleteer rises to real heights when he approaches the telephone. *This country is tenth in telephone density!* This delightful piece of pseudo-scientific statistical bugaboo is followed up by a number of startling statements, such as that the telephone "is the swiftest known form of communication between persons at a distance from one another," and that it is "an admitted axiom in telephone engineering (*sic*) that the provision of facilities stimulates the demand." The conclusion, of course, is that if you construct more telephone exchanges, more people will communicate swiftly, and that a vast increase in trade will take place. If any one can show me a list of business firms of any sort or kind not on the telephone, I shall have a list of the firms whose increased activities are unlikely to be a national asset. But I have kept for the last the gem of the section: "If the owners of the 1,722,581 telephones on the P.O. system . . . made one additional local call per instrument per day, the additional annual yield to the revenue would be £2,619,758." Quite so. The reason why they did not make the call was because it was unnecessary; and had they done so they would have transferred from the reserves of productive industry or from the deposits of the banks a vast sum to be wasted by politicians.

The "Investment" Fallacy

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S pamphleteer is, indeed, right in thinking it necessary to *emphasize* that the money spent on telephone development would be an investment and not expenditure. I infer that to Mr. Lloyd George the distinction between investment and expenditure is that between money spent by the party in power and money going to be spent by a party out of power. The point certainly needs emphasis. I had overlooked it.

More seriously, the business of anticipating a demand for subsidiary distributive services is bad business.

British trade is being killed, not built up, by profligate expenditure on overheads. It is bad trade which is delaying the expansion of our telephone service, not *vice versa*. New firms mean new telephones, but no one but a lunatic is going to open a shop or build a factory because some one sends him a circular offering him telephone facilities. The only country in the world where there is literally no unemployment is France, which has fewer telephones than we have. In America, where the "telephone density" is at its splendid height, there are four million unemployed. Profitable investment is money spent which in time will produce more goods. Increased efficiency in meeting the demand for goods is valuable, but the one thing it can never do is to increase the demand *absolutely*. If our butcher were to cut off his telephone, we might go to another butcher, but if he installed a private branch exchange we should not order two legs of mutton for dinner.

Housing

THE most disingenuous part of the Liberal pamphlet is that relating to housing. The need for better housing accommodation is admitted by all, but Mr. Lloyd George's solution is, quite simply, to provide the houses at the nation's expense, i.e. to subsidize rents. How this is to be done without expenditure is simply not explained. Actually, we fear that any substantial subsidy will send up the cost of houses from £400, which is the figure today, to at least £800, which is less than the figure in Dr. Addison's time. But there is a more difficult point. Mr. Lloyd George proposes to concentrate on houses for people who cannot afford to pay more than 5s. to 8s. a week. The subsidy necessary to enable houses to be built and let at this rent is immense—something far greater than anything attempted before. It is hoped to build only 35,000 of these houses a year, and only for two years. How are the fortunate occupants to be chosen? Obviously, if the unskilled labourer has a right to a State house, the unskilled journalist has an equal right. And if, as we may assume, mere rights will not count for much, politics will count a lot. Why is the skilled labourer to pay an economic rent, while the unskilled labourer gets a substantial grant from the taxpayer?

THE finance of the Liberal proposals is, of course, utterly unsound. The whole object of the scheme is to pay out wages, and all money so spent is a form of inflation when it is borrowed money. When the money is lent by the banks or the public, it is lent in the anticipation of goods to be produced, and when this anticipation is not shared by the public, the money is not forthcoming. There is, however, an average annual figure of money earned and invested in new enterprises and an equal amount of new goods coming into the market from the developments of earlier years. The general level of prices allows, in other words, for this normal yearly process. If the process is artificially accelerated in anticipation of an exceptional increase in the supply of marketable goods, we have inflation, although it is, of course, justifiable inflation. If the national wages bill is suddenly increased, not on the judgment of the bankers but by State action and without any sort or kind of assurance of a corresponding increase in marketable goods (instead, only an increase in marketing facilities), we have inflation pure and simple. We have rising prices, wage disputes, and the whole vicious circle. Alternatively, we have dear money and a complete damper on capital issues for productive industry. We cannot have it both ways. And we must remember that the effect in this case will be particularly marked because the schemes of expenditure contemplated are deliberately selected as being those which will absorb most labour, i.e. those which will increase most directly and immediately the spending power of the community.

Mere Finance

IT is pleasant to turn from Mr. Lloyd George's pamphlet to the report of the Mond-Turner conference on unemployment. This report recommends, briefly, cheap money, trade with Russia, and above all systematic rationalization. It constitutes a tactfully worded but unmistakable attack on many industries for their neglect to put their house in order, and should be taken by the Government as an attack on them for washing their hands of industrial affairs. But the report is of chief value because it recognizes, in contradistinction to the Liberal and Labour parties, that the only permanent cure for unemployment is to get labour back into the *productive* industries.

The Mond-Turner Report

The Political Situation

WHAT will be the effect of the Liberal unemployment programme on the electorate? I cannot help thinking that it will be sufficiently considerable to give Mr. Baldwin a majority. It will not attract many Conservative votes, but it will attract the whole of the "do-anything-as-long-as-you-do-something" vote which is always the mainstay of any Opposition and which looked like going solidly to the Labour Party. But if Mr. Baldwin still contents himself with doing nothing and saying less, my forecast will be falsified. Quite obviously, the Government, committed to rationalization, must pledge themselves to see it through; else their candidates will be left helpless. We must have no more "leave business-to-the-business-men" speeches. The country is quite ready to be governed by dukes, lawyers, country gentlemen or working men, but it will not be governed by the Federation of British Industries or by Mr. Austin Hopkinson's "Forty Thieves."

The Test Matches—and After

THE last of the test matches has been the most notable, for it may be taken for granted that its absurd duration—eight days—has exhausted the patience even of Australian enthusiasts. It will be surprising, indeed, if it does not turn out to be the last of the "unlimited" matches. At least, such a forceful personality as Mr. Warwick Armstrong agrees with Mr. Chapman's suggestion that future matches should be limited to five days, with two hours on the sixth day, if needed, to reach a decision. As for the respective merits of the two sides, there is no doubt that Australia was as unlucky as was Mr. Gilligan's team in 1925. They should on their merits have won at least two matches. Our own team suffered badly from the absence of all-round players and from Mr. Chapman's loss of form. When the Australians come here in 1930, we shall not be able to afford four bowlers, a wicket keeper and a captain who score only 793 runs between them in five matches—*an average of under* 40 *per innings for the last five wickets*. We have escaped this time because of Hammond's amazing batting, the follies of the Australian selection committee, and the absence of Australia's best batsmen. We shall not escape next time, and it will be interesting to see if the selectors make use of their

opportunity to build up a stronger team against the South Africans this summer.

The Aftermath

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has brought his "World Crisis" to a close with a volume which, if it is historically by far the least important, contains more unexpected disclosures than any of its predecessors. And all these disclosures are incontrovertibly supported by contemporary documents. Yet if, as an apologia, this last volume of the "World Crisis" is convincing and even moving, it is a curious personal commentary. What is it in our politics today which dooms the voice of reason to impotent memoranda? Was it always thus? Is it the memoranda which are a new feature, or merely their publication to an irritated world disinterested in the comparative merits of individual statesmen, painfully conscious only of their collective deficiencies? Is Mr. Winston Churchill at this moment busily penning far-sighted memoranda on the unemployment problem, for publication ten years hence? Is Sir William Joynson-Hicks writing moving pleas to Mr. Baldwin about the encroachments on our liberties; and Sir Austen Chamberlain on the dangers of a Francophil policy? The real lesson of Mr. Churchill's brilliant book is that statesmen have an obligation to their contemporaries to declare their convictions at the time, and that this obligation cannot be liquidated by declaring them to posterity. If Mr. Churchill had said from the house-tops in 1920 what he makes public today, he would have been Prime Minister before Mr. Baldwin.

Literature and the Censorship

THE condemnation of a novel foolishly called "The Sleeveless Errand" has aroused another outburst of immoral indignation from the intelligentsia and an equally painful outburst of moral indignation from the loquacious "Jix." I take a different point. The tragic thing is not that this rubbish is published, but that it is written and praised. I do not really fear for the morals of people under eighteen. In any case, these will be more influenced by the behaviour of ordinary and decent people over eighteen than by the spasmodic overflow of perverted or indecent rubbish from the backwaters of Bloomsbury

and other suburbs into the gutters of Fleet Street or the West End. What is deplorable and new is not the tendency of the adolescent and the underbred to a rather nasty form of exhibitionism, but the number of instances which are occurring, the grotesque adulation with which they are received by the critics, and the indecent haste with which they are exploited by commercial publishers, impudently blaspheming the gods of literature in the name of the "new morality."

The Case Against the Critics

THERE was never a time when it was harder to get a serious work of scholarship published or when it was less certain, if published, to get adequate recognition in the Press (failing which its publication can, of course, only result in a heavy financial loss). But every newspaper which gives space to literature gives long, earnest, and usually quite unsophisticated and amateurish praise to any novel which, in the current euphemism, can be called frank, outspoken, or daring. If these books were any of these things, I should not object. I would rather see a young novelist, daring greatly, fail, than see a continuation of the sickening indifference of the intelligentsia to every serious question of æsthetics, philosophy, morals, religion, or politics. But it is neither daring nor frank to devote pages of description and analysis to the intimate sexual experiences of adolescents or decadents. On the contrary, it is easy, profitable, absolutely commonplace, and artistically damnable.

This Generation

IT is not surprising to learn from Mr. Harold Nicholson that Messrs. Shaw, Galsworthy, Bennett, and Wells have no message for this generation. Their master is, we are told, James Joyce. So be it. Generations are judged by the gods they worship. The reverence for subjective literature, perverted style, and artificial forms is characteristic of a declining civilization. The time rapidly supervenes when the capacity to value and understand great literature is irrevocably lost. Then civilization is at end. I refuse to believe that English civilization is done for; but unless those who control and direct our literary criticism take their responsibilities more seriously, we shall be left with the disastrous alternative of a literary censorship which literature will hardly survive.

Marshal Foch

Not France alone, but England and her Allies, mourn Foch. Already, in pursuit of profit and pleasure, the crowd is forgetting the sacrifice of the million British who died to save our liberty. The towers of Paris Plage attract more eyes from the trains than the cross of the cemetery of Etaples. And yet that sacrifice would have been vain but for the genius of the great soldier who has now fought his last battle. That is known, if not understood, by all. It is fortunate for France, often seemingly threatened by disaster from democratic delirium, that always she produces a few men so great that they control her destiny and keep her place in the first rank of the nations. Such men, to name only three of our own time, have been Clemenceau, Poincaré, and Foch.

Other pens will extol the military genius and achievements of Foch. With this April number already in the press I can only pay my humble and brief tribute to a very great gentleman who often honoured me by his advice and encouragement with a friendly simplicity which was almost embarrassing. For if Marshal Foch had not been a soldier, he should have been a statesman. Indeed, there have been few problems arising out of the war in which his advice has not been sought and often followed. Some of them he has rapidly clarified to me with his finger on the map in his room close to the Invalides. On one which we discussed more than a year ago I had hoped to have his wise counsel on my return from a voyage of discovery starting from England today (March 25).

I was privileged to publish his views on the Rhineland problem in this Review in August and September 1924, republished in the book "Security" in 1925. Never has a case been stated with more irresistible logic or greater eloquence. While he lived, the glamour of his name compelled respectful attention. Now that he is gone, I fear the pigmy politicians will disregard his warnings as they did those of our own Lord Roberts, who foresaw, as far back as 1910, not only the war, but that Foch would win it.

ERNEST REMNANT

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

Vain Assaults on the Government.—M. Poincaré has managed, by displaying his authority, to save his Government from defeat in three assaults delivered against it by the Radical and Socialist coalition, which exhausted every trick of parliamentary procedure in order to overthrow the Ministry on the question of readmitting certain religious missionary orders to the country. His success is satisfactory in itself, but the debates again showed that the younger generation of politicians has not yet discovered any men of mark. Only M. André Tardieu, the young Minister of the Interior, increased his reputation, and confirmed his friends' opinion that he has in him the makings of a real leader. He acted with courage in taking upon himself the defence of a measure which other members of the Government, of more timidity and, perhaps, more political foxiness, were glad to leave in his hands.

The trouble with the situation is, that while the Ministry as a whole is Radical both in its foreign and domestic ideas, it is, nevertheless, forced in every critical division to rely upon the Conservative wing for its majority. In such circumstances the position of Ministers as Radical as MM. Painlevé and Briand, for instance, cannot be altogether comfortable, and there is an uneasy feeling that, despite the figures of the division lists, political stability is still to seek.

Joan of Arc: A Celebration.—By a curious coincidence, just at the time when in Parliament religion is again the great line of political cleavage, Paris is preparing to commemorate in splendid style the five hundredth anniversary of the wounding of the Maid. Historians having failed to agree as to the exact spot where she fell, it has been decided to place a tablet recalling the event near the site of the old Porte St. Honoré. The wife of General Weygand is busily superintending the arrangements for a reconstitution of the tournament given by the city of Paris in honour of the rehabilitation of Joan in 1456. This will be held in the Grand Palais this month, and the scale upon which it is to be done may be judged by the fact that some three thousand people will

appear in the pageant. It is to be hoped that the revived sectarian passions of the Chamber of Deputies will be kept within the walls of Parliament and that the ceremonies will not be marred by any recrudescence of unseemly political brawling. This used to turn the pilgrimage to Joan's statue in Paris into a rowdy free fight, between grown men and immature boys, for the political exploitation of a peasant heroine who belonged to an age when there was neither Left nor Right. While Radicals loved to declare on these occasions that Joan was "betrayed by her King and burnt by her priests," the Catholic Conservatives laid tremendous stress upon the mystic and miraculous nature of her deeds and held her up as a Nationalist figure whose jingoism would not have shamed a mob of maffickers.

The Paris Museums.—Paris has no intention of letting her museums dry-rot in the public mind. She is interested in them, and she intends them to be interesting. In addition to their permanent galleries they bear flower in temporary exhibitions, always erudite for the scholar and human for the plain citizen—*and*, always well announced. London might take a note of that. The British Museum has a more or less confidential exhibition just now; nobody hears of it unless they are already there. It is devoted to British Honduras, and a meek placard, within several porches, indicates the way to it. "Yes, but what *are* those? I like Coronas," said an American visitor. This thing, among others, is better ordered in France.

The Eighteenth-Century Theatre.—All Paris is going to the Carnavalet to see the rooms given up to an exposition of the eighteenth-century French theatre. It is interesting from so many points of view; it breathes momentary life into the relics of the most ephemeral of human arts; it shows the effect on domestic existence of the drama of the time; its sidelights on history have an importance of their own; and it definitely underlines how easy it was for the stage to be real in an age when the aim of every well-bred person was to be artificial. Watteau's two delightful comments on this fact have been brought from Berlin, for the first time since Frederick the Great acquired them; the Parisian can at last enjoy at first

hand his "Amour au Théâtre Français" and his "Amour au Théâtre Italien."

He also can, and does, enjoy Girodet's portrait of Mademoiselle Lange. The admired actress is counting over so much gold that one wonders why she has bought no clothing at all. This was the artist's reaction to the fact that she ordered her portrait from him, and paid him a groom's tip, as it were. The picture includes some classical attributes scattered in the background which show that ill-paid artists had inconvenient erudition. Amateurs of Sargentiana know a parallel story. This exhibition has been delved from collections in public and private possession throughout the frontierless collecting world. It should be enjoyed at once, for it will be soon scattered.

L'Ile St. Louis.—Worse fortune awaits the Ile St. Louis, for it will be not scattered but tide-washed, unless lawyers fulfil their duty, which is to find a way round the law. As matters stand, landlords must give their consent before a building can be classed as an historical monument. They usually do, because the classification exonerates them from any repairs not demanded by the hygienic authorities. The result is, of course, that neither the State nor the landlord does anything to preserve the place, outside the merest necessity, and places like the Hôtel de Beauvais and its miraculous staircase (not the State one; the hidden one at the bottom of the courtyard, in tied iron) are left to crumble. The Ile St. Louis will, with luck, be brought under a law governing historical sites, rather than buildings, and this medieval kernel of the modern fruit will be kept for the Parisian of tomorrow. Everybody knows its historical palaces—Lauzun in the van; its courtyards, its sculptures, and all its other listable glories. But few visitors of those glories, and practically no Parisians who do not live there, know the charm of its queer High Street, as much like a trench as like a lane. Here no omnibus runs, though they hoot about it like owls, and one can buy what one buys in villages and see the people living their lives like villagers at their doors, although house-agents and Rolls-Royces are as usual as pumpkins and leeks in its long, commonsensible stretch. A district like this ought to be plunged in boiling syrup and preserved for ever.

Our Bureaucratic Autocrats

By W. Marshall Freeman

THE British public is very long-suffering. In no way has the patient endurance of the average Englishman been tried more severely than in what he has had to endure at the hands of officials. John Bull thoroughly deserves his name. He has tolerated and will tolerate a great deal. As a rule he is wonderfully good-tempered with it all, and goes on his way rarely indulging in anything more than a "grouse" and as often as not joking it off. Now and again, however, his placid nature becomes ruffled past bearing, and then he is apt to make for the object of his wrath in true bovine fashion—literally "like a bull at a gate." At no time does he show this habit more frequently than in his contact with public officials, and in no direction as a rule does he get less satisfaction. The truth is that he starts by being incredulous, then gets angry, and finally becomes exasperated. Nineteen times out of twenty he is up against a hidden opponent, and that, of course, adds to his exasperation. "If I could only get at this fellow," he mutters between his teeth and, as that seems to be an impossibility, he gives it up in despair. The bureaucrat behind the scenes chuckles and goes smilingly on his way, assured not only of complete freedom from responsibility, but of absolute immunity even from personal criticism or reprimand, however much he may deserve both.

Since the dawn of the present century a great change has come over the bureaucratic element in our midst. It has enormously increased in numbers; it has changed very much in quality of personnel. Modern social legislation, beginning with unemployment and national health insurance, necessitated a great jump in the number of permanent officials; the war brought about an entire change in the outlook and demeanour of the average public servant. St. Ermin's Hotel—of sinister

repute during some of the most stressful periods of the war—has left its impress deeply upon our Civil Service; and St. Ermin's Hotel was not the only nursery of our twentieth-century bureaucrat. True, since the end of the war a new generation has come upon the scene, but it has come to learn the new methods in place of the old traditions; and although one would fain hope that the quality and training bred in the two great universities that supply most of the recruits for Whitehall will, in process of time, restore the old traditions, there is but too much cause for fear lest that natural process may be stifled before it has time to re-assert itself effectively.

The real reason why bureaucracy has been allowed to entrench itself to the extent it has already done, and the reason why, despite the volume of protest that is continually to be heard, the process of entrenchment still goes on is to be found in the fact that we do not seem to have a single man in a single department of State strong and courageous enough to make a beginning of ending what he sees and knows is going on in his own building. It is said that one of the first acts of Signor Mussolini when rising to power was to make a clean sweep of idleness and inefficiency in the Italian civil service. The gentlemen whose official silk hats were demonstratively hung in their official quarters to suggest that they were busily engaged "somewhere in the building," whilst, in fact, they were disporting themselves in other headgear at clubs and other places of leisure not far away, had the shock of their lives when a greater power than they could contradict put an end to the "hat trick." If the story be true, it serves to show the penetrating wisdom of the Duce. He knew that either the State must be master in its own house, or its servants would secure the mastery and proceed to dispose of their employer and divide his inheritance. The particular eccentricities of Italian officialdom when Signor Mussolini came upon the scene are not, perhaps, those which call for suppression in Whitehall; our bureaucrats specialize in ways of their own, none the less calculated to place them in control and reduce those in authority over them to a position of dependence, if not of actual servility. An English Mussolini, with a free hand for three months in Whitehall, would

do more to reduce our national debt, to free our industries from futile impediments, to lessen our rates and taxes, and to secure efficiency alike in local and imperial administration than has been done by all the talk and protests since the end of the war brought us face to face with the need for putting an end to the looseness and recklessness we had had to endure so long.

The real trouble is that the men upon whom we rely, in our blindness and stupidity, to get things altered are themselves most to blame for its continuance. Sooner or later England will have to revise her administrative system. There are too many Cabinet Ministers. There are too many Ministers of lesser degree. They are one and all anxious to hold on to office, and the simplest and surest way of doing it is to remain as quiescent as possible, shepherded by officials whose particular business is the concoction of answers to questions in Parliament calculated to disarm criticism and render further investigation futile.

The "responsibility of Ministers" has long since ceased to have any reality. Formerly a Minister who was at variance with the officials of his department either insisted upon having his own way, and took the consequences or retired from office. If that were still so, one-half of the intolerable (not to say unintelligible) verbiage that judges are continually complaining of would never have found its way on to the Statute Book. The Ministers in charge of departments where this stuff originated, being men of at least average intelligence, would have forbidden it. That they have failed to do so only shows how complete is the influence permanent officialism has already secured over "responsible" Ministers. It used to be the custom, moreover, for a Minister who differed from his colleagues on any serious matter to resign if he could not convert them to his views. All that has gone. Ministers do not resign nowadays; they "agree to differ" and hang on. It is all part of the insincerity and looseness that are fast eating into the vitals of our once exemplary administrative system.

Much surprised comment has been rife during the last two or three years that a Government like the

present, whose members always preach the doctrine of individualism, should at every turn encourage and practise bureaucratic Socialism. That is worth an effort to understand. There are very few members of the present Government who are not (at least when out of office) intimately concerned with commercial matters. It might indeed be said with truth that the present is a Government of "business" men the like of which the country has not previously known—which at first may make their encouragement of bureaucracy seem all the more strange. But it is not so surprising after all, seeing the extent to which the Conservative Party has fallen of late under the control of men with purely commercial interests, who cannot dissociate the administration of national affairs from their fixed ideas of "business departments," with numberless managers and secretaries and clerks and staffs of every grade. That is the true explanation of the failure of the present Government to effect drastic economy of a permanent character in the public services. Unhappily, it seems likely that this tendency will continue, if one may judge by recent domestic legislation and by the promise of further instalments in the way of new factory legislation and other sporadic developments of a like nature.

The next Government will certainly have to face the problem which the present Government might have attacked during their four-and-a-half years of absolute power. The repeal of one-half of the Statutory Rules and Orders in existence five years ago and the removal at almost any price of one-half of the trench-diggers of Whitehall would have put the country by this time well on the high road to recovery from the appalling loss of life-blood that is keeping us white and feeble still, whilst America and Germany—our chief pre-war competitors—are pouring their manufactures into this land and into the markets of our Colonies at a rate that will soon equal, if not exceed, the rate they achieved before the war. Yet here is Mr. Baldwin declaring his inability to do anything ! This country and its commerce are suffering today from the curse of having billeted upon it a vast and ever-increasing army of State paupers in the shape of thousands upon thousands of non-productive officials

whose lives are spent in thwarting and worrying and hindering business people. Most of the "protective" work now being done in the interests of the artisan classes (who, of course, are entitled to be protected against oppression) could be left to trade unions and similar agencies; nearly the whole of the health and unemployment and pensions benefit work would be *better done than it is being done* if left to the big insurance companies and other non-official agencies which are specially equipped for such work. As for the futilities so indignantly exposed of late in regard to the closing of shops and the weighing and marking of groceries, etc. etc., if the country could only be told how many regiments of inspectors and provocative agents we are keeping on that sort of thing, there would be something like a sensation.

Whitehall is the centre of inspiration for all this sort of futility. Drastic action there would make itself felt in every local government office throughout the land. Practically every fresh set of Statutory Rules and Orders means an automatic increase in the number of officials employed by local governing bodies. Reduce the D.O.R.A. activities of Whitehall and automatic extinction of large numbers of these superfluous inspectors and provocative agents would follow at once. That is the first essential to economy in national expenditure. What is of even greater moment—it would mean much more than the direct saving of a comparatively small sum of money in salaries and "bonuses" and pensions. The real saving would come in the outer circles—those ever-widening extravagances that begin to expand themselves every time a new official is dropped, stone-like, upon the surface of our national and commercial life. What Britain needs most today is to concentrate her every nerve upon *production*. Whatever tends needlessly to thwart or impede the machinery of production and easy distribution should be swept out of the way with a strong hand; and the way to set about it is first of all to put a check on the activities of a certain type of bureaucrat who has of late been getting far too powerful and assertive. Personal experience by contact in various ways and at divers points with Government departments over a long period of years has shown the present writer

that there are two sides to Whitehall. On the one hand, there is a body of public servants—mostly of the old school—loyal and patriotic, courteous and reasonable, hard-working and efficient to a degree not to be surpassed, if equalled, by any other civil service in the world. These are the very salt that keep health and savour in our administrative system. On the other hand, during recent years—broadly since the dawn of the twentieth century and largely as a result of the degradation of political life that began at the close of the South African war—there has come upon the scene a new class of official whose ideas and ideals are wholly foreign to those of the honest—if somewhat conservative—officialism on which the high reputation of British administrative integrity was built up both at home and abroad. He is at once the servant and the master of the political chief who has to justify him in public or lose his own reputation in the attempt! Is it surprising that the art of plausible lying has become an outstanding feature of modern parliamentary procedure?

Was it not the Lord Chief Justice of England himself who humorously opined that the day might not be far distant when even the appointment of judges would be controlled by some unknown official hidden away in obscurity in Whitehall? Many a true saying is uttered in jest, and this particular suggestion is much nearer realization than might be supposed. The new bureaucrat—whose main concern is to enlarge his own sphere and increase the power and prestige of Whitehall at the expense of the community generally—is beginning to secure too tight a grip upon official patronage in many directions. As to that, it is not generally known that there is so much to be dispensed (especially in the sphere of modern "social" legislation) that Ministers who are nominally responsible are simply acting as automatic machines to confirm what officials recommend. One of these days some revelations may provide interesting "copy" for the Press, and then there will be reforms. Here again the growing power of interference by paid officials has been greatly encouraged by the general trend of events since the war. The inane scramble for self and pelf, the

hankering after publicity and social preferment, the flabbiness and want of backbone in public life dependent upon a fickle electorate—all these things have played into the hands of officials. So, too, has the wretched habit of referring every troublesome matter to some sort of committee. That gives a fine opening for modern official methods and aims to be exploited.

We badly need—though we are not likely to see it—a return to the old type of Cabinet Minister who took his job in hand, got on with it, had a mind of his own capable of dealing with events as they arose, and put his foot firmly down upon all distractions and diversions from the proper sphere of departmental work. With the single exception perhaps of Mr. Neville Chamberlain there is not a Minister in Whitehall today of that calibre. Yet, strangely enough, the Ministry of Health is the worst offender of all in the matter of *interfering* officialism, though not of other forms of that malady. But, after all, there is this to be said for Mr. Neville Chamberlain. No other Minister has had anything like the giant's work to do that he has done. Those who have had the best opportunities of knowing him as an administrator do not credit him with any particular partiality for bureaucrats, except under the strictest control. It has indeed been suggested that he is the nearest approach to a Mussolini in the Conservative Party today. It may be so. He is certainly the likeliest future leader of that party. If he should ever reach that position, a clearance in Whitehall would be the most memorable achievement at which he could aim.

Oswald Spengler and the Meaning of History*

By Douglas Jerrold

No deep students deny today that there is a science of history, but few of them know what it is. Following the methods of natural science, professional historians tend to regard the accumulation of evidentially inferred "facts" as a scientific proceeding, the object of which is presumably to formulate laws as valid for the behaviour of men and societies as are the laws of natural science for inanimate objects. Amateur historians, on the other hand, following in the footsteps of professional historians of an earlier generation, regard the establishment of hazardous chains of causation as their main task. To one, race; to another, climate; to a third, religion; to a fourth, economic process supplies the key to the riddle, the one *causa causans* operating through the ages.

All this is at once unscientific and unphilosophical. Aristotle may be right in denying that there is *any* science of the particular, and Plato may be right in finding true being *only* in the universal. But if we take the opposite view, which, if we believe that there is a science of history, we must, we are bound, nevertheless, to admit that the science of the particular must be a different kind of science, and the *being* which we study in the historical process a different kind of *being* from that which is the subject-matter, for instance, of biology.

The point has been best set out by the late Baron von Hügel, acknowledged today as one of the greatest intellects of the century, in an essay written as long ago as 1904. Claiming against the ancient philosopher that there is a science of history, he argues that, "against all this mass of tradition and authority, there is every man's continuous experience that all our ultimate interests and standards, all our valuations of life and of men, ever and intrinsically refer to the particular and unique. Unless, then, we would constitute such a conception of science as to have to exclude from it" (or, as we shall see later, to have to blind ourselves to the fact that it does exclude)

* "The Decline of the West," by Oswald Spengler. Translated by George Atkinson. 2 vols. 50s. net.

"facts and events in precise proportion to their final interest and worth for human beings . . . we must admit" that there is a science of the particular as well of the general.

So also Professor Rickert, whom von Hügel quotes: "Reality becomes history when we contemplate it with reference to the particular."

History, then, is the science of values, not of events; of meanings, not of happenings, of effects (in the æsthetic sense), not of materials, of significance, not of causality. Events are irrelevant of history, which is concerned only with the *significance of events absolutely and not in relation to other events*.

Once this is clearly grasped, we can get a fairly clear idea of what is wrong with most of the history that is written. The scientific approach fails, not because certain laws of human behaviour cannot be deduced from the mass of evidence, but because these laws will be jejune and, indeed, almost barren of content. All that is important, the unique and the non-recurring which make up the drama of history as well as the life of the soul, will have been omitted. The attempt to find a grand *causa causans*, on the other hand, fails because the cause of an event has nothing to do with the value of it, and if we regard it purely as an essay in experimental science, fails, as all kindred attempts in the physical field fail, by involving us in an infinite regress. Causality history is, indeed, a chain of irrelevancy.

This is clearly seen in relation to art. No one values the Italian Primitives more or less because of their influence on the Pre-Raphaelites, and our view of negroid culture is not altered by the adoption of some of its expressions and forms to serve the moods of the twentieth-century intelligentsia. A history of art which conceived as its main thesis the tracing of such relationships would be at once seen as absurd. Such causal links neither explain nor evaluate.

It is, indeed, on any working theory unchallengeable that what gives an act or event its historical character is its worth, from the point of view of culture and civilization. A belief in the reality of cultural forces and values is thus a pre-requisite without which we cannot really begin to understand history, nor even admit the possibility of any genuinely historical process.

Must we then accept the view which von Hügel advances, that since historical science is concerned with values, a teleological conception of history is inevitable? How otherwise, he asks in effect, are we to judge values, unless by reference to an "end"?

The importance of Oswald Spengler's massive work, "The Decline of the West," is that the author, unlike the moralists and the evolutionists, unlike von Hügel, Acton, or Mr. Wells, while accepting the criteria of cultural values, achieves a synthesis of history which fits the range of facts precisely at those crucial points where the "moral" and "evolutionary," the metaphysical and physical teleologists break down.

In other words, Spengler resolves, so it seems to me, the dilemma which has paralysed serious twentieth-century historians: the dilemma which left them either to the barren accumulation of facts, or to the frantic endeavour to fit obdurate facts to one or other of what seemed the only plausible theories.

Let us take first the evolutionary theory, popularised by Mr. H. G. Wells and accepted generally by those with a taste for attractive generalities. This theory views history as a biological process possessing significance because of a tendency in a definite upward direction. The standard of value adopted is thus relative but not meaningless. The significance of events lies in their contributions to a defined objectively evidenced process of evolution known as progress. This teleological conception of history is, of course, purely mediæval in character, and the case against it is precisely identical with that against mediæval teleological science. It presents an orderly and intelligent universe of concepts, but bears no relation to the facts. Quite on the contrary, the interpretation and evaluation of historical events are coloured by this teleological conception of an orderly progress just as the mediæval accounts of natural phenomena were coloured and distorted by what seemed to be the requirements of a rigid and convincing theological system. That is right and proper. If progress is the law of man considered historically; if, that is to say, culture progresses with the material changes wrought by time, it is obvious that the important material factors are those making for the maximum of free change. The difference,

however, between Mr. Wells and the mediæval scientists is that, whereas the theological system was not really dependent on the theologians' views of nature (the Church of Rome survived the discovery that Galileo was right and is unmoved today by the discovery that he was wrong after all), the dogma of progress does depend entirely for its acceptability on the historical data provided. If these data themselves are selected, coloured and weighted according to the requirements of the dogma, we have a vicious circle.

If the objective facts of the story of civilized man reveal no progressive tendency, it is obvious that the criterion of values adopted by the evolutionary school fails. Left without such a standard, they must either content themselves with regarding history as a purely biological process (in which case it ceases, like the story of the animals, to be history), or they must surrender their hypothesis of progress.

But is the moral or intellectual standard of values any more applicable to history? Are the historical values moral values? When we speak of a great historical event, does the connotation of moral or æsthetic worth arise in our minds? Or is it not rather the case that a connotation of a quite different, if not precisely opposite, kind arises? No one would spontaneously describe the painting of La Gioconda as a great historical event, yet that is precisely how nine intelligent people out of ten would describe the battle of Tannenberg, an event making neither for moral improvement nor material progress.

Spengler's importance lies in the fact that, while he accepts cultural values as the test of the historical importance of events, his theory of culture as an organic phenomenon related to historical events as ordinarily understood enables him to adopt a standard of historical valuation which corresponds to our own sensibilities. Moreover, it is because that standard leaves him unfettered by any teleological bias that he has been able to arrive at a synthesis which fits the whole and not only part of the facts. Or, if we assume the synthesis to have preceded the valuation, we can say that the use of the inductive method has enabled him to arrive at a standard of values which does not distort the apparent and *a priori* significance of the facts as they happen to exist.

In other words, the supreme importance of Spengler is that he has achieved a scientific presentation of history, i.e. a science of historical values, without the handicap of conditioning his interpretation of events by a teleological conception which does not allow of their being interpreted in a sane, normal or straightforward manner.

This is not to say that Spengler's "Decline of the West" is, as literature, a great or even a good book. It is badly planned and badly expressed. It invents a new and confusing vocabulary which is in no sense justified by an author who has the language of Goethe at his disposal. He makes elaborate, ingenious and often profound distinctions between different orientations of man's being and different states of society, but gives to these orientations and states confusing names of which the special connotations have to be explained. But for all that, Spengler's work is significant and valuable where, for instance, Mr. Wells's more lucid and brilliant achievement is not, because on the one hand it is scientific, in so far as it is possible for history so to be, and on the other hand it is unscientific at the point at which science is hopelessly misleading.

Spengler does not start with a hypothesis, but with a survey from a very high altitude. He finds eight occasions when large groups of men have lived at a high level of culture. These occasions have manifested themselves in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, in India, in China, in the Mediterranean, in the Near East, in Mexico, and in Western Europe. Here at least we are on a sound basis of fact. Every schoolboy knows of the ancient Egyptian, the Babylonian, and the Classical civilizations.* Macaulay's schoolboy knows the Aztecs and the Incas, and we are indebted to Mr. H. G. Wells for a vivid picture of the mighty Asoka. Indeed, it is only in his account of what he terms the "Magian" civilization of the Near East (embracing in its scope Jewry, primitive Christianity, the Byzantine empire and Mahommedanism), and in his attribution to that civilization of much of the late classical culture, that Spengler departs substantially from the ordinary groupings of events. His own grouping is

* Spengler quite unnecessarily, as it seems to me, gives a special technical sense to the word "civilization" and uses "culture" in the sense in which civilization is used above. I do not propose to maintain his discrimination throughout the present article.

perhaps open to question, but the point is not material here. Let us for the moment disregard the "Magian" civilization and consider Spengler's attitude to the other civilizations whose existence and special quality are admitted by all orthodox historians.

To begin with, observe that from the start Spengler works on a sound foundation. He has no prepossessions about the relations of the great periods of history such as, for instance, have coloured all orthodox histories with their question-begging classification of ancient, mediæval, and modern, and such as drives Mr. Wells to dismiss, in a few pages, the classical civilization in whose shadow we still live and which coloured the history of the world for a thousand years. The first classification is obviously religious, the second scientific, in its bias. Ancient, mediæval, and modern means, actually, Pagan, Christian, and Protestant. The enduring civilization of China and India, and the massacred civilization of Central America, simply do not fit into the former classification. As for Mr. Wells, the significant civilizations of the past for him are those which gave to the present conceptions or inventions which are harmonious with Mr. Wells's view of what the future ought to be. Aristotelian logic and the imperial principle are both alike, in Mr. Wells's view, devoid of survival value and, therefore, since what survives is alone good, devoid of cultural value.

As regards survival value, Mr. Wells is, of course, right. But has civilization itself a survival value? It is just this question which Mr. Wells's hypothesis forbids him to ask. It is precisely the question that Spengler considers, dispassionately, to answer in the negative. Hence the title of his book.

Spengler clearly found in the startling fact that all the civilizations, with the exception, as yet, of our own, have ebbed away the first hint which set him to work. Once more we are on the bedrock of fact. I have called the fact startling, and so it is except on the alternative (moral and scientific) hypotheses which have coloured all modern historical writing, or unless history has no meaning at all. Obviously the Protestant historian, convinced that Christianity in its modern Western form was the only hope of mankind, would not be surprised to find Western European civilization the sole survivor of

the great cultures. Looking at the frozen sterility of the East, he says, in effect, "That's what comes of Buddhism," and at the vanished glories of the Mediterranean, "Beware of the scarlet woman." As for Nineveh and Tyre, their morals were notoriously degenerate: so what could you expect? Equally obviously the evolutionary school, convinced that every day in every way we are getting more and more civilized, is not at all surprised that less civilized epochs are as the dust. What is surprising is that so few people in this so-called scientific age have been sufficiently scientifically-minded to contemplate the spectacle of these vanished civilizations without prepossessions. Had they done so, they must have found, as Spengler did, a wealth of curious coincidences, but none more curious or significant than the simple, but overwhelming, fact that they are no more.

The significance lies, of course, in the fact that, objectively considered, there is no difference whatever in the heights to which they attained, spiritual, intellectual, or material.

The reader may pause at the last word of the last sentence. Surely, he may say, whatever may be the comparative merits of Moses and Mrs. Eddy, of Virgil and James Joyce, of Aristotle and Henry James, of Aristophanes and Noel Coward, we have our telephones, our trains, our wireless, our machinery. So we have; but we are looking at the effects at the moment, not at the mechanical means. However difficult it is to realize it, there is no personal luxury or magnificence, no æsthetic conception, no intellectual or sensual pleasure known to the richest class today which was unknown to the richest classes in the older civilization. That the Byzantines could no more have built a Channel tunnel than today we can build a St. Sophia is merely, according to Spengler, due to the different characteristics of the different civilizations. To get the level, says Spengler, judge the achievement, not the machinery employed. Material comfort lies in enjoyment, not in the complexity of that which we enjoy.

Spengler, in his vast survey, examines the cultural achievement of the eight civilizations—the growth, maturity, and decline of their characteristic features—and finds that it follows in every case clear and identical

laws of birth, growth, maturity, and decline. This decline is marked in every case by the domination of intellect over race, of concepts over historical forces. Politically, he finds that all civilizations begin with a feudal condition and end in the life of great cities. Artistically, they proceed from the primitive to the sophisticated, from art to craft, from the unconscious natural art of the peasant through conscious urban arts, developed into masterpieces by the great masters of art and architecture, to the time when the grand style ends and art problems demand "solutions." In the spiritual sphere the civilizations (and not merely our own) develop from the great creations of primitive faith (the Gothic cathedrals) through a first period of consciousness and criticism (the Reformation and the counter-Reformation) to the age of intelligence (the *philosophes* and the rationalists), and finally to a stage when life itself, and not what we are to do with life, becomes the problem (Darwin, Marx, etc.).

I have illustrated Spengler's theory in the preceding paragraph from Western European examples only, because it may make the drift of his theory of development clearer. His theory of coincidence depends, of course, within the two admitted facts of the existence of the civilization and its decline, on the existence of a similar development within each civilization. No more can be said here than that the parallels are extraordinarily striking. The reason for this is not reviewers' laziness, but that anybody can give in a couple of paragraphs striking analogies such as that between the Roman *panis et circenses* and our modern political system which provides the unemployed with the money to go to the pictures or the football match; or, again, between Aristophanes' *Ecclesiazousæ* and our suffragette debates of sixteen years ago; or, again, between the Pythagoreans of the middle classical period, the rise of Mohammedanism in the middle period of "Magian" culture, and the rise of Puritanism in the West. But it is the completeness of the chain of parallels which makes any one parallel significant. To illustrate this completeness over the whole field of human activity in the eight epochs has been Spengler's task and his achievement.

Spengler's conclusion is closely akin, as becomes its

genuinely scientific provenance, to that of Professor Whitehead. Just as Professor Whitehead—accepting as scientists who seek to make a serious contribution to philosophical problems must do, the validity of immaterial or spiritual impressions—reaches an organic theory of nature, so Spengler reaches an organic theory of civilization. For explanation of its comparatively brief life as an organism, he adopts an interesting and possibly very profound postulate of a duality not conventionally between good and evil, but between race and intellect, the world as nature and the world as history, reason and understanding, pulse and tension, facts and truth (truth being, of course, what we believe about the facts).

This postulated dualism is a surprisingly interesting conception (though unduly complicated by a variety of artificially coined technical terms). "Theories," says Spengler, "only cause us to think otherwise about life," never to live differently. "When a community succeeds in living 'according to rule,' all that it achieves is, at best, a note on itself in some future history of the world." "Only the active man"—"the judge of men"—"lives in the actual world."

"Primitive man has a history only in the biological sense." Neither race nor intellect is yet at work. "Genuine history is the actualization of something essentially spiritual." By this Spengler means not spiritual as opposed to selfish or worldly, but immaterial and intangible as opposed to material.

The importance of these hypotheses becomes clear when the problems of history are considered practically. As regards events, we know the influence of individuals from our own experience. Why particular individuals have influence and others do not is the puzzle without understanding which we quite obviously cannot understand history even in its narrowest sense. We all know "the man who can get things done." We also know from experience that he is seldom particularly clever. Spengler fatalistically takes the view that intellect is never effective in acts, that "truths" are never true (an assumption philosophically justifiable and probably inevitable) *

* There is, says Von Hügel, "a certain deeply significant incommensurableness, indeed antagonism, between our actually experienced experience and all systems of general laws and abstract concepts whatsoever."

and that it is "the man of race" imbued by destiny who works in history. The end of civilizations comes with the domination of "intellect" over "race," as in the great cities.

Here he comes back to facts to justify his hypothesis. No one has ever studied, he says, the terrible depopulation which follows in the wake of megalopolitan civilization. But yet it does. It is doing so even today. "The last man of the world city type no longer wants to live" as a type. The "Ibsen marriage"—the higher spiritual affinity in which both parties are free—appears in Buddhist India, in Babylon, in Greece, in Rome. Samara was abandoned by the tenth century. Pataliputra, Asoka's capital, was a complete waste of empty houses in A.D. 635. Carthage is gone. Rome had the population of a village in A.D. 500. The Maya population of America literally vanished after the Spanish conquest. We hear of measures to promote population in China in A.D. 300.

Spengler's dualistic theory as applied to the individual has the merit of explaining a great deal which is not otherwise explained, and of covering all, and not merely selected facts. The failure of idealists in politics, the admitted superiority of "men of action" in a crisis—a superiority tacitly admitted at the time and actively repudiated afterwards—is a fact of history which is only slurred over because it is unpalatable precisely to those who write history. A striking confirmation of this theory is to be found in a celebrated judgment of Lord Acton's. "History," he says, "is the combined effort of the weak to resist the reign of force and constant wrong." "The intellectual," says Spengler, "desires the state as the actualization of justice against the force of historical facts." These two judgments are precisely the same; only the conclusion differs, because Acton, primarily a liberal Catholic moralist, is dominated by the conviction, alien to Catholicism, but implicit in liberalism, that history has an upward tendency morally, though not biologically.

Spengler on the other hand conditions his historical philosophy by reference to the observable if not observed fact of the cyclic character of civilization. "The history of classes," says Spengler again, "is world history at its highest potential." This again appears to be fact,

however little we like it. "One crowded hour of glorious life" is not, to the don in his study (though when he sees a chance to escape from his study he takes a different view) "worth an age without a name." This is a moral judgment which may be correct, but it is not an historical judgment. The life of a contemplative nun or a fakir may be better in the sight of God than that of Napoleon, but it is utterly a-historical.

The other line of attack is more important. The great epochs of history, says the liberal historian, brilliant though they are in colour and achievement, greatly though they have enriched posterity with all that is best in art, architecture and literature, are yet condemned by the state of the poorer classes. When they are not actually bound in slavery, they are bound in conditions of degrading poverty.

It is just here that we get down to the supreme question of history. The connection between high politics and great intellectual and artistic achievement is fact—indisputable and undisputed. This in itself is the surest proof that only in some (if not in Spengler's) organic theory of society can we reach a hypothesis which fits the whole range of facts. But is it true, and if it is, is it relevant, that those great epochs—the heights of Egypt and Bablyon, Periclean Athens, Cæsar's Rome, the Florence of the Medici, Elizabethan England, the France of the *grand siècle*, were ages of poverty and oppression *by contrast with other times*?

Spengler's answer, in effect, is that these epochs are the best that we can do. The significance of this judgment can best be gauged by the attempts of orthodox historians to explain the decay of other civilizations without reference to the fact that the same reaction from "high politics" which animates the judgments of scholars and intellectuals of our own Western civilization has made itself equally effective in other ages. Conquest, migration, disease, climate, trade routes, all these different causes have been alleged for the failure of earlier civilizations. No cause, even plausibly, fits them all. Is history then a series of accidents? And is it not more scientific, not to say more honest, to look at the condition of "the people" in those last centuries of the great cultures of the past, in India, in Egypt and in Southern Italy, and to realize

that life for them, as for everyone else, was fuller and richer under Asoka, under Tutankhamen, under Cæsar?

The intellectualist view of history breaks down before facts. It is admittedly difficult to explain why it is "better" to be an Englishman than a citizen of Monaco or Switzerland. It is easy to prove by statistics that there is more "liberty" and better "conditions" in Switzerland than in England. But it is quite futile; we *know* that not only do we prefer to be English but that the inhabitants of Switzerland would also prefer to be. Just as the inhabitants of Ireland prefer to be Americans and the inhabitants of the highlands of Scotland prefer to be Southerners. It is not necessarily because the others are "better off." Emigration does not necessarily increase with poverty. That is precisely our difficulty. If it were purely an economic affair, we should have streams of emigrants today. It is a commonplace of history, quite inexplicable on ordinary lines, that high civilizations are those which expand and low civilizations those which sink within themselves. It is, even today, the best and not the worst who emigrate.

As for material prosperity, the confusion lies mainly between conveniences and their relative distribution. Undoubtedly there has been an increase, though ridiculously exaggerated, in the standard of comfort of all classes. The relative distribution is not more even, however, in the quiescent un-historical communities (such as Egypt or Ireland) than it was at the height of the great epochs of civilization.

Once again we are driven up against the great fact of history—its repeated failures. Historians are still struggling against facts. The pathetic attempts to write down the population of Europe in the splendid springtime of Western civilization long before the Renaissance is a salient case in point. It is a mere fact, however, that Norwich was a larger city then than it is today, and Chaucer and Shakespeare bear witness to a higher standard of diffused culture. These are small instances, negligible in themselves, but their importance lies in the fact that they have been bitterly contradicted by those who, ignoring world history, try to find at least in Europe evidence of a continuous and unbroken progress.

Spengler's theory is not by any means the last word. It ignores too generally the influence of ideas and

the influence of the written record itself. It ignores absolutely the potential influence of institutional Christianity. To the question whether we can "hold on to" our Western civilization the last words have not been written. And that after all is the most vital question. But to the suggestion that we are moving still in an upward direction, that the substitution of the rule of concepts for the rule of personality, of the masses for the classes, of internationalism for nationalism, of intellect for race, makes for the preservation and enrichment of Western civilization in contradistinction to its predecessors, the mere facts assembled by Spengler afford an almost crushing answer. Whatever theory of history will fit the facts, neither the evolutionary theory nor the numerous theories depending on a chain of objective causality will go near to fitting them. The parallels drawn are too numerous and too close to be disputed in this way. Biological theories of the ascent of man, causality theories of race (in the ethnological sense), ethics, economics or simple politics break down in mere logic. The decline of Greece was due to malaria, of Byzantium to poverty due to loss of trade, of Spain to too much wealth and trade (due to the conquest of America). India was ruined by the caste system, Europe was saved from anarchy by the feudal system. The Roman Empire was ruined by internal wars; China today is to be resuscitated by the same means. There is no coherence here, no logic, not even common sense.

What is race? And what is intellect? To both questions Spengler gives an objective answer. We know the man of race when we see him, and we know his opposite. Race in the ethnologist's sense is a fraud. How much, asks Spengler, in a pregnant sentence which Sir Arthur Keith might usefully ponder over, does a skeleton not tell us? Take the graveyards of France, where so much of our late civilization lies buried. What will the scientists of the future have to tell of these men who came together from all parts of the world, prompted by every variety of reason, emotion, or mere compulsion, having looked their last on so many different landscapes and on so many different dreams. Just nothing. Take again seven men of brilliant intelligence—Fellows of the Royal Society, if you like—and seven pauper lunatics and parade them before an X-ray apparatus. What do

we see on the screen? Nothing but a fundamental similarity. It is the *differentia* which are lost to the biologist as they are to the psychologist who tells us how men will behave. It is the men who do not behave who make history, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has discovered and told the world in *Cæsar and Cleopatra* and *St. Joan*. But Mr. Shaw belongs to the intelligentsia, and a prophet is not without honour save in his own country.

Race is the quality in men which gives them power. It is a quality which unites men of different nationalities far closer than any of them are related to, for instance, the intelligentsia of their own countries. But nobility and priesthood (in which, of course, scientists are included) —the two great natural orders of which the third estate is but an intellectualist imitation, a mere aggregation of units—work through race for their own ends. Just as the man of race has a brain, the man of intellect is race-conscious. We learnt that in the war when, against their sub-conscious instincts, almost all the intelligentsia of all nations were surprised to find race working in themselves.

The cyclic theory of history is not new. Professor Flinders Petrie established it, indeed, as far as Egypt is concerned, on an inexpugnable basis in a book published some years ago by the evidence of Egyptian arts and crafts. But he was restricted in his survey. His theory does not square in all details with Spengler's, but it agrees on the crucial point—that there is no material explanation. Why should there be? We are not dealing in skeletons but with minds. The attempt to establish a chain of progress between animals and men and between savage and civilized races was natural. If it succeeded, so it would have been. But it has not succeeded, and the attempt to pretend that it has is a mere impudent imposture. Culture begins with a stirring of the spirit, not with a migration, a war or a pestilence. And the difference between man and the animals (whether there is a physical link or no) is one of kind, not of degree. We are only concerned with man as a man, not as a skeleton or a skull, and when we are studying civilization we are concerned only with civilized man. Where he came from is an academic problem at best; where he goes to is not merely our chief, but the only historical, problem. The Andaman islanders have no history. We have. Let us study it.

Rule, Columbia!

By W. E. Leveson

WITH the passage through the United States Senate of the Cruiser Bill, the Sovereignty of the Waves may be said to have passed finally with "Pinkie" and "The Blue Boy" across the Atlantic. In passing, it will be noticed with complacency that the capital outlay involved in the measure—fifteen cruisers at £3,200,000 each, £48,000,000, and one aircraft-carrier at £3,800,000, total £51,800,000—can be met by means of a couple of our annual debt repayments. At such a time it is both fitting and customary to review the late reign and to take account of the record and qualifications of the new incumbent.

We certainly began well. So thorough was the defeat and dispersal of the Spanish galleons at Gravelines that the modest annalists of the time, and three centuries of historians after them, attributed the victory to a definite alliance with Divine Providence. But out of the dryas-dust of the Navy Records emerge today the gallant exploits of sea captains, the fervour of the hundreds who joined up. Beeston and Baker, Willoughby and Vavasour, old John Hawkins and the rest, these were men of valour and resource; they were the Knights of the Sea who seized the trident for Britannia, and the very list of their names, without the aid of granite cross or brass tablet, has the thrill of a fine wine. In those days the Queen was careful. She paid for victory in cash and left no aftermath of Treasury Bonds. Even when the sunset of the ensuing matriarchy gave place to the rascal Stuarts, the national coffers were still brimming.

The first challenge was thrown down by the seamen of Holland and West Friesland. They almost upset the dynasty, and actually achieved an interregnum, as the folks knew at Rochester and Chatham. But the splendour of the Dutch, in sea business as in art, was the blaze of one summer's day. Tromp and De Ruyter had their

schout-by-nachts, as Rembrandt and Hals had their schools, of disputatious merit, but they had no successors who counted. Solebay was the end of them, and they gave us their Stadtholder for King.

The eighteenth century is only just long enough ago to lack close touch: it seems hardly out of earshot. Ushered in during the heyday of the Augustan Age, the century opened with Rooke's capture of Gibraltar, destined to be Britannia's most important *point d'appui* for many a day. Next came the smashing victories of Hawke and Anson. The latter, with prophetic eye, may have foreseen that bullion would eventually prove a better sea emblem than bunting. After defeating the French and plundering the Spaniards he paraded the captured treasure through the City with banners flying —£500,000 on one occasion and £300,000 on another. Pitifully small sums they seem nowadays to a world which discusses reparations in thousands of millions, but awe-inspiring two hundred years ago as the trains of wagons lumbered along to Threadneedle Street.

Then ensued two great sexagenary periods, the eras of George III and Victoria. It is a half-truth to say that Good King George was incessantly at war with France. The names of the sea giants of those days, "familiar in our mouths as household words," will long "be in their flowing cups freshly remembered": Hawke and Conflans, Rodney and De Grasse, Howe and Villaret Joyeuse, grand fighters all. One other pair deserve mention, Hughes and Suffren; five times they met in Indian waters and five times one or the other drew off without a decision. When Paddy Hughes returned from his Eastern command, he brought booty which gave him an income of £40,000 a year. His capital must have exceeded even the larger of Anson's hauls. The French bid for sea supremacy was not abandoned until Trafalgar, and heroic Trafalgar was won by the skin of our teeth. It is said that if Villeneuve had done what Napoleon told him, the result might have been very different, and it is well established that if those watch-dogs of the Channel, Cornwallis and Calder and Pellew, had been one whit less vigilant, Nelson would have had a far greater, perhaps an impossible, task.

The Victorian Age was, in comparison, an age of peace. The "Rule" was acknowledged and unchallenged. Our appointed duty, with the world's consent, was to police the Seven Seas. We put down piracy, we charted dangerous reefs, we explored the Arctic regions, and did all those other things which are expected of an efficient maritime constabulary up to the death of the Queen, and up to the time when the poison of sea- in addition to land-dominion began to be poured into the ready ear of William Hohenzollern.

Alas! if Jellicoe had had more luck at Jutland, our prestige might have carried us on for another spell; but, as we know, three times did misfortune assail him, and, as Mr. Churchill has tersely said: "Three is a lot." The parade of the German ships across the waves to sink themselves at Scapa was good pageantry, but no more. They went down as in salute to our Admiral on duty, but we knew, and they knew, that the root cause of their scuttling was the unplumbed depth of the American war chest. If the exigencies of a war prolonged had necessitated the replacement or reduplication of the Grand Fleet, out of the shipyards of Maine and New Hampshire, from far-flung 'Frisco, "serene, indifferent to Fate," such fleet or fleets would inevitably have been forthcoming. Columbia has been blamed for her long tarrying, but, when she did come in, she was at least in earnest. And now, prating of world peace but dreaming of world dominion, she has bought the sea panache itself. Let us look what the past has to tell of her worthiness to hold it.

The American Navy came into being in 1776 when Esek Hopkins received a commission as Commander-in-Chief of the eight converted merchantmen then flying the new flag. He has been denoted the "first rebel admiral," but, except for a spar with the *Glasgow* of an indecisive character, he saw no fighting. He was summarily dismissed within two years and lived to a ripe age on Rhode Island. It is, however, hardly fair to look for naval activity or organization among a few disgruntled colonials, in a nation yet in the egg; and it implies no disparagement to assert that the War of American Independence at sea was, in fact, waged on her behalf by her allies, France, Spain, and Holland. By Heavens!

We were fighting the fighting world, and the only concession wrung from us was the grant of self-determination to New England.

To return, however, to their sea record, there remain the war with the mother country in 1812, the fratricidal strike in the sixties, and the none too creditable bullying of poor, proud Spain in our own day. In 1812–14 there was some fighting on the Great Lakes of a fairly stirring sort, and some single-ship frigate actions on the high seas, including the duel between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*. For every thousand people who have heard or seen pictures of that famous engagement, I warrant scarce a dozen know that, in fact, it was the *Shannon* (British) and not the *Chesapeake* (American) who was the victor and towed the vanquished into port. As for the Civil War, it is contended by the "Sea Power" pundits that the ultimate triumph of Lincoln and the North was due to Farragut's operations on the Mississippi and to the blockade of Charleston and the southern ports. Very likely it is true.

Upon the Spanish–American War of 1898 Clio should breathe lightly: it is not an inspiring theme. To fight for Cuban liberty was a sufficient stimulant, but no epic struggle ensued, nor, indeed, a contest at all. Rather than trumpet the exploits of Sampson and Schley and Dewey the Muse will prefer to dwell on Mussolini, who, although it was in his power to shatter the Vatican and blow the College of Cardinals to smithereens, has found a *modus vivendi* and made a treaty with the Pope. The war these admirals waged comprised but two engagements, one outside the harbour of Santiago de Cuba and the other in Manila Bay. General Aston's account of the West Indian fight is laconic:—

> Cervera's fleet came out in broad daylight, and his ill-equipped vessels were run ashore and sunk by their own crews. The Americans fired nearly 10,000 shells of various calibres at ranges varying from 6,000 to 1,500 yards, and obtained only a proportion of about 1 per cent. of hits. One American was killed in the action.

And this is his description of what happened in the Philippine Islands:—

> On April 30 Dewey entered Manila Bay by night, and on May 1 he proceeded to deal with the Spanish ships, which all remained at

anchor to receive his attack. Montojo's weak vessels were in full view of the gunlayers in the American fleet, which steamed round and round and bombarded them until the majority were sunk where they lay.

Let us admit the gross incompetence of the Spanish colonial administration, and let us admit the immeasurable superiority of the standards of living in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands today over those of thirty years ago. Even so, poor, starved Cervera and Montojo are better entitled to a place in the roll of fame than their well-found assailants.

It is not a record of good augury, and it is no spirit of purblind jingoism that gives rise to the reflection that the position were better as it was. If the wars of the future are to be waged in the air, or by means of poison cylinders, the sovereignty of the seas may not be worth the bottoms that it floats on; in which case Columbia will have wasted her money. For my part I think otherwise. I think the danger lies rather in her want of the requisite experience and qualifications. At least, that is the nearest approximation I know to the faculty they lack. They have "got the men and got the ships and got the money too," but is that all? Is there not something else, something that animated "Old Dreadnought" and "Billy Blue," something that Nelson called "touch"? If you want to hold the record for long jump, you have got to jump just a little longer than the last man. If you aspire to be lawn tennis champion, you must defeat the present holder on the court, not buy his racquet. America has made no such bid for leadership, and her assumption of the Sea Sceptre is the world's blind leap in the dark. I am consumed with envy of those who will live to see the upshot.

The Edge of Diplomacy

By Dr. John G. Vance

DIPLOMATIC memoirs vary in value and in depth as much as diplomatists. Some—the memoirs of course—are heavy and safe, slow in thought and action, on occasion pompous and dignified. Some are dashing and sportive, showing the occasional brilliance of the well-thought-out impromptu and the borrowed incident. Others have the quiet, reflective tone of one who has pondered deeply over alliances, entanglements, governments, men, and policies. Lastly, there are a few showing a revelry in laughter and a buoyant sense of humour which can carry both the author and readers far into the very heart of things. To this last category belongs Mr. J. D. Gregory's recent volume.* It is humorous, full of good spirits and happy laughter, full of amusing stories and incidents, full of deep reflections, and much clear, kindly wisdom. Cold wisdom, in passing, is his worst and deadliest of all human achievements, worse than vanity, worse even than folly. It is the wisdom after the event, which turns, perhaps, on a fact, unknown at the time, unsuspected, and perhaps even undiscoverable. That is why this cold wisdom should be anathema in any civilized society. It is the appropriate wisdom of later historians, not of contemporaries. But mellow, kindly wisdom is a joy. Recognizing foibles, intentions, energy, weakness, it measures success and failure, and thus dismisses none abruptly. Such wisdom is almost as uncommon in memoirs as charity among gossips.

Mr. Gregory has seen service in London, Vienna—his more youthful judgments suffer from superficiality, we think—in Bukarest, and Rome, in the Balkans with Sir Valentine Chirol, at Genoa for the Conference, and again at the centre of things in London during the important negotiations with Russia. In this book he passes in review people of vastly different calibre, outlook, and sympathy, as different as Krassin and Lord Curzon, Rakovsky and Sir Eyre Crowe, or as Chicherin and Carmen Sylva. In each case one sees a pertinacious effort to understand both the man and his point of view, and never to dismiss men at least, either lightly or abruptly.

* "On the Edge of Diplomacy." By J. D. Gregory, C.M.G. Hutchinson. 21s.

In all this there is much warmness of heart, and no little kindliness of mind—two characteristics that mellow his judgments of men.

Before we consider one or two points individually, it may be well to rehearse the general contents of the book. It provides, after an amusing and singularly modest preface, some amazing *hors d'œuvres—frivolités diplomatiques*, one might say; a view of the courts of Vienna and Bukarest, though the Vienna chapter is scarcely convincing to one who knows the country; some account of the Vatican in war-time, of the difficulties of our representatives, of the steadfast neutrality of Benedict XV and of Cardinal Gasparri, and of the Vatican Secretariate of State—"the best intelligence department in all Europe." There follows a story of a strange journey through the Balkans with Sir Valentine Chirol, a laughable and true account of the Geneva Conference and of its inner history, as witnessed by an outsider who saw most of the game. A succinct and piercing study of Bolshevism includes a not ungenerous account of some of its protagonists, and the farcical story of the whole Zinovieff business. A view of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at Aberavon is not without its importance, and we have also the story of Poland's resurrection; some shrewd observations about peace and war and the hope of the future; and a vivid sketch of Lord Curzon and the Foreign Office under Sir Eyre Crowe. The whole ends on a domestic note of joy and boyish pride in the personnel and servants of the Foreign Office.

In this volume there is something distinctively English. It almost gives the impression at times of one who, having roamed the earth, had returned to his estate to take an overwhelming interest in his garden, like the great botanist who most admired the *Arabis* and *Aubretia* of a home rockery, or the retired governor-general who finds inspiration in a Devonshire coomb or a pleasant Hertfordshire lane. But again it is even more characteristically English. Here is an author who tries, not unsuccessfully, to see the other side of attitudes, wiles, ruses, conspiracies, policies, and who then talks about the war like an ordinary public schoolboy. His chief pride seems really to have been one of an awkward Foreign

Office squad—the "bloody fairies"—who broke the heart but not the spirit of their sergeant-major; and his chief regret, that he was never allowed to show his awkwardness on the battlefield. Or, again, "His most lingering impression" of great men ". . . is that of the unmistakable figure of Lord Balfour walking reflectively from his house in Carlton Gardens to the Foreign Office across the deserted Horse Guards' Parade at the very worst moment of an air-raid, with a battle raging above his head and bits of shrapnel falling at his feet, oblivious of the clatter and impervious to the peril of it all. . . . So for myself, whenever I have been faced with an unpleasant situation during the last twelve years, I have thought of Lord Balfour in an air-raid. . . ." This is in the unmistakable accents and speech of the English public school. When people set out to take an unimpassioned and judicial view of the world, it is interesting to note where they are pinned down by instinct, conviction, or prejudice. Mr. Winston Churchill has recently done this for us admirably in his story of the aftermath of war. He shows how Woodrow Wilson could scan the whole arena of the war, unswayed by prejudice or fear, ready to apply the loftiest and airiest principles of Utopia, while his view of America was that of the average narrow-minded party politician. Similarly, General Smuts saw many problems steadily: he only saw red about German South-West Africa. And Mr. Churchill himself is no exception. He discusses Greece, Turkey, Germany, and America with calm detachment; when he turns to Ireland, one hears the significant convictions and prejudices of the party politician. Mr. Gregory, in this book, is pinned clearly by one overwhelming conviction—the justice of England's cause in the war. On this question detachment is never attempted.

When an author makes his reader laugh heartily by writing buoyantly and sometimes flippantly, it is perhaps inevitable that some should think the book not serious enough. In Mr. Gregory's case such an idea would be sadly untrue. But possibly it will be easier to explain the situation and thus avoid current controversy, by quoting from Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Heretics." There, it will be remembered, he defended himself against attack

for writing paradoxically, whimsically, boisterously: "Men," he writes, "make jokes about old scientific professors, even more than they make them about bishops—not because science is lighter than religion, but because science is always by its nature more solemn and austere than religion. It is not I; it is not even a particular class of journalists or jesters who make jokes about the matters which are of most awful import; it is the whole human race. . . . Men talk for hours with the faces of a college of cardinals about things like golf, or tobacco, or waistcoats, or party politics. But all the most grave and dreadful things in the world are the oldest jokes in the world. . . ." Later he states his case again. . . . "Mr. So-and-so thinks that I am not serious, but only funny, because Mr. So-and-so thinks that funny is the opposite of serious. Funny is the opposite of not funny and of nothing else. . . . The truth is, as I have said, that in this sense fun and seriousness have nothing whatever to do with each other. . . . Mr. Bernard Shaw is funny and sincere. Mr. George Robey is funny and not sincere. Mr. McCabe is sincere and not funny. The average Cabinet Minister is not sincere and not funny." And, lastly, Mr. Chesterton says very well: "If anyone asks me why I import frivolity into the discussion of the nature of man, I answer, because frivolity is part of the nature of man." It is perhaps only a chosen few who can see life so steadily as to catch at once both its laughter and sorrow, its comic and serious aspects, and possibly it is not given to all men to understand this clearness of vision.

We pass to consider a few passages from Mr. Gregory's book in some detail.

First, the Bolshevik disaster. For the last decade we have been overwhelmed with sketches of the Russian menace to our civilization. Travellers who have obtained a visa, have seen, returned, and reported not what Bolshevism is, and not the actual condition of Russia, but just what they have seen or been allowed to see. Perhaps their outlook on life or on Russia was economic or political, ethical or religious. Sometimes they had an axe to grind. Sometimes they were not very acute observers. All of them were either with Bolshevism or against it; for it is humanly impossible to remain

indifferent to a thing of such overwhelming violence. Thus, we have had an extraordinary variety of statements concerning the symptoms, physical conditions, diagnosis and cure of the malady, and most of us now are utterly bewildered. In Mr. Gregory's account, we are given the result of ten years' quiet study of this intricate question by one who has been forced to pass at least all the known facts in constant review. This brief survey is worth much to the student of Russia.

"It convinced me more than any Dostoievsky or Turgenieff that no Englishman can ever understand Russia and had much better abandon the attempt. . . . Their origin and texture remains a mystery.

". . . It is no earthly good beating the Bolshevik or slopping over him. He defies any known method of handling, just as his creed defies definition, and his disease treatment. . . . It is quite impossible to forecast the political sentiments of a generation educated in a religious and moral vacuum. . . . There is likely to be a cultural as well as an economic rift between town populations and peasantry, and such education as there is despite all Government efforts, will be on a low level. . . . Analogies with the French Revolution cease with the advent of the Bolsheviks to power, if for no other reason than that the Frenchman is a European and the Russian is not. . . . The continued stability of the Soviet Government necessitates the immobilization of the Red Army . . . and if they wish to smash one of the existing Imperialist States, their only chance is to get another Imperialist State to do it for them. Hence their incessant efforts to utilize current controversies or nationalist movements from East to West. . . . Lenin depended wholly and entirely for his success on the magnetism of his own personality and, while preaching an internationalism and crude atheism, *was attracting the masses by his essentially Russian mentality.** . . . Not only does Bolshevism, as revealed in practice, become a complete perversion of this basic idea of Socialism, but, in its virtually mystic garb, it has gone right away beyond collectivism into a sphere totally outside it. *It has simply become a jumble of all the oldest religious heresies, and the latest*

* Italics our own.

*materialist developments**. . . but Bolshevism has arisen from the fact that for all these centuries Russia has lain outside our civilization, and is now, alas! having to suffer for it."

The future? "It will depend," suggests Mr. Gregory, " to a great extent on the outcome of the various economic crises to which Russia has annually been subjected ever since the Revolution, and on the peasantry, who form 90 per cent. of the population, and who, in the agrarian grabbing that has taken place, have managed to secure 90 per cent. of the soil. . . . In Russia, now as always, the highest principle is the good of the State, and not the happiness of the people." Finally, he quotes Mr. Farbman's words: "The forces at work are not only those of revolution, but those of history and tradition," hoping fervently that this judgment may prove true, for it labels Bolshevism as an exclusively Russian product.

Recently in his "Aftermath" volume Mr. Churchill gave us rather a lyrical account of Lenin. He certainly regards him as a mighty, shattering intellect; indeed, as something of an intellectual portent who might have saved Russia had he lived. Mr. Gregory's judgment is quieter, and will probably carry more conviction to those who, like Lord Birkenhead, see reason to discount Mr. Churchill's extraordinarily vivid summary.

The second outstanding series of observations in Mr. Gregory's book concerns peace and war. Again the subject is so vital that it is difficult to hold an even balance in argument. Optimists—and the world is, after all, moved by optimists who see one thing and want it violently—place their enthusiastic hopes in Leagues, Covenants, Protocols, Locarno treaties, and Kellogg Pacts. The "Realists," who so often see truly, though they change the world less, see the hope of the future maintenance of peace in preparation for war. History, they say, shows that war is inevitable; human failing, if you will, but to war is human. Moreover, they argue that while the air tingles with heroic pacts and renunciations, armaments show a tendency to increase. So far the optimists and the realists. There remain the pacifists, the cynics, the political and diplomatic historians, who weigh their fears. Mr. Gregory, seeing the thing from

* Italics our own.

his old eyrie at the Foreign Office, has some just reflections.

He sees racial and national antipathy in the forefront of the causes of war and suggests that these prejudices are a far more powerful cause of trouble than a hundred corridors or irredentisms. He speaks of the Locarno method of securing peace, sees its objections, and adds wisely: "Yet apart from the Locarno method, there are hardly more than three courses to pursue in this matter of securing peace on earth. The first is to change the traditional 'instrument of policy'; the second is to change the map of Europe; and the third is to change the heart of man." He discusses each of these alternatives, showing difficulties, admitting the occasional faint rays of possibility. . . . One or two of his concluding observations are good. "The peace sense is not bred in an environment in which intolerance, blindness of heart, suspicion and, above all, fear, not fear of anything in particular, but just fear, under long stress of oppression, have become indigenous." . . . "*The only sure guarantee against a renewal of fratricidal strife lies in the realization, not only of the economic, but of the social**" solidarity of Europe. . . ." This might prevent the temperamental antagonisms from which wars tend to spring.

Lastly, the author gives a good impressionist portrait of his chief, Lord Curzon, "the Marquess." Sometimes it is not difficult to take a man's life and to read the whole around one or two fundamental characteristics of feeling, mind, or purpose. But to be convincing such portraits must be based upon an intimate vision of personality to which, in Lord Curzon's case, Mr. Gregory lays no claim. He therefore very wisely took the man exactly as he saw him, and chronicled the Marquess's contradictory moods and attitudes, without offering a word or hope of reconciliation. The method is successful, first, because it is an arresting recitation of fact, and, secondly, because we men and women are more full of contrasts, more shot through with inconsequences and contradictions than those who dismiss us in one or two epithets sometimes dream.

"I have," writes the author, "seen him so hysterical that I have felt that he must go clean off his head at

* Italics our own.

any moment; and I have seen him so sane and so balanced under the greatest provocation that I have felt that no one could compete with him in sanity and clarity of vision. . . . I have seen him simple and unassuming in his manner, and entirely unaffected; and I have seen him so theatrical that I have wondered whether he ought not to have made a career on the stage, even as a low comedian. . . . He abused us like pickpockets one day; and wrote us ecstatic letters of appreciation the next. He was universally called pompous; but he had the most intense sense of humour, and I have seen him turn it on himself. His irritability surpassed anything I have known in the male sex; but it must always be remembered that he was hardly ever out of pain. He suffered from absurd megalomania in regard to art, his worldly possessions, and his social position; but I have seen him display a humility about persons and things that was almost pathetic. . . ." This is an impressionist sketch, achieved "à gros coups de brosse."

The letters that come to us from our best correspondents often have a very characteristic something, never referred to, never expressed. They are to the letter what an undertow is to the wave that breaks. Thus, one letter may, while discussing a plan, convey without word or reference a quiet warning not to be precipitate. Another within the prescribed formal limits of correspondence may suggest a much awakened sympathy; while yet another may, in returning thanks for a "delightful visit," seem to say goodbye for ever. Most letters that are not as dull as the *London Gazette* convey some undertow to those whose minds and ears are sensitive. Similarly, some few books have an undertow of their own, different both in nature and scope from the written word and its associations, which comes from the personality of the author.

Throughout this book, Mr. Gregory seems to be saying something to the deeper self, while he plays with the mind on the surface. It is difficult to convey the impression thus noiselessly received, but we think it might run as follows: "Never be too sure. Be just to the views you hate. Ideas may sometimes be summarily dismissed; men never. Be British and be proud of it."

An Interview with Signor Mussolini:

Six Years of Fascist Achievement

By Professor Charles Sarolea

In the course of a recent tour of political investigation through Italy I had the honour of being received at the Palazzo Chigi in private audience by Signor Mussolini. My interview took place on the very eve of the shocking bomb outrage on the King of Italy, which came as a sinister reminder of the subterranean forces which, like a Vesuvian eruption, are ever lurking underneath the thin crust of civilized order.

I had been warned that an interview with the Duce would be a very complicated affair, and that as there had been five recent attempts on his life, the approaches to the audience chamber would be carefully guarded. In fact, there was far less ceremonial in my visit to the Italian Prime Minister than I should have found in any other European country. Only a few days before I had been received by His Holiness the Pope. There was a striking contrast between the simple reception at the Palazzo Chigi with the majestic pomp and circumstance traditional at the Vatican. Whereas at the Vatican one Master of Ceremony after another escorted you through an endless vista of antechambers, at the Palazzo Chigi you were at once admitted to the inner presence.

The Duce was in his best fighting mood. For one hour and a half he gave me a luminous exposition of the theory and practice of the Fascist Government, delivered in faultless and epigrammatic French. As his thick-set figure emerged from behind the desk to welcome me, I recognized the Napoleonic countenance, the clean-cut features, every line of which bespeaks courage and fighting energy, the firm mouth, the dome-like forehead, and especially the strange eyes which pierce through you like a gimlet.

But although the outward appearance was just what I expected, in other respects I found Signor Mussolini entirely unlike the conventional portrait. No portrait, indeed, could convey the impression of his youth and vitality. It was almost inconceivable that this almost

boyish-looking figure should have behind him one long quarter of a century of fierce political struggles, and that he should have borne on his shoulders for six strenuous years a Herculean burden of anxiety and responsibility, combining in his person the joint offices of Prime Minister, Home Secretary, Foreign Secretary, and War Secretary.

Not only did the Dictator seem to me much younger than his age, but his moral personality also seemed totally different from the current descriptions. I had imagined a consummate actor, indulging in theatrical gestures and rhetorical phrases. Instead, I found an extreme simplicity, a total absence of pose, and a transparent sincerity. I had imagined an excitable, emotional, impulsive, Southern temperament. Instead, I found a businesslike, deliberate manner, and calm self-possession. I had imagined an imperious, overbearing, dogmatic "Wilsonian" attitude, laying down the law. Instead, I found an exquisite courtesy, a desire to please, a keen sense of humour and charm; I found a man ready to listen and eager to learn.

His enemies may say that Signor Mussolini has a chameleon-like nature, a Machiavellian duplicity that he is careful to adapt to his audience; that he can make himself all things to all men and assume any mask to achieve his purpose. If this be true I can only say that to conciliate an insignificant foreign visitor he took the trouble to put on the most pleasing of all disguises, and that he paid his British interlocutor the high compliment of appearing absolutely outspoken and going straight to the point.

At the outset Signor Mussolini broke the ice by asking me about my Russian experiences, informing me that he had read my "Impressions of Soviet Russia." I thanked him, but pointed out that for the moment I was much more interested in Italy than in Russia. I asked whether he would allow me to put to him some very frank and delicate questions. I begged him to remember that, if those questions might seem impertinent, my only desire was to help to remove some misconceptions still prevalent in the minds of my countrymen.

"I shall answer any questions you will be pleased to ask. I shall even answer those questions which you do not ask, and which are at the back of your mind. I

have nothing to conceal. At the same time I cannot understand how at this time of day there should still be any misconceptions at all about the aims and policy of Fascism. You are not dependent merely on my speeches to form a judgment; my deeds are there to speak for me. In 1922, when I took the helm, I found chaos and I have made order. I found bankruptcy and have made prosperity. I found my country without influence abroad. I made her universally respected. Alone of all European countries, we have had no industrial troubles. We have put an end to class war. We have almost forgotten what it means to have a strike. We have stabilized our currency. The standard of life of the common people has risen. Our railways are punctual to the minute.

"We were told that Fascism was only going to be a passing episode. But we have now lasted since November 1922. We have stood the test of time, and for any government the main problem is to endure. Whatever the future may have in store for us, at any rate we have given Italy six years of stable and peaceful government."

—"I do not think, Your Excellency, that even your critics abroad would question the enormous services Fascism has rendered, not only to Italy, but to the cause of national and international order. Even they realize that, but for you, Bolshevism would have triumphed in Italy, and, if it had triumphed in Italy, might have conquered all over Europe. The only question still raised is the means and methods by which your ends have been attained. And is it not natural and inevitable that Liberals of the old school in Great Britain should look at Fascism from the point of view of their insular prejudices and from their British standards?"

—"But why should you apply your British standards and ideas to Italian conditions? After all, we in Italy must be allowed to have our own standards and methods, because we have our own traditions and our own difficulties. You have a Parliamentary system which is the outcome of your own experience, and which is the growth of many centuries. Our Parliamentary system was a foreign importation; it was the growth of one generation and it had struck no roots in our soil. You are one of the

oldest of European States; we are the youngest. You have achieved your national unity in a distant past. Italy within the memory of men still living was a conglomerate of heterogeneous communities, where city was pitted against city, province against province, and the foreigner was master of the situation. You have built up a world-wide empire and a world-embracing trade and industry. Our industries are of yesterday, and our raw materials—coal and iron—have all to be imported from abroad.

"Yours is a tradition of law and order. Ours has been a tradition of revolution and anarchy, of secret societies and conspiracies. We are inveterate individualists. Until the advent of Fascism we felt no loyalty to the State. The main task of Fascism was therefore to inculcate that sense of discipline and loyalty which are the conditions of a peaceful and prosperous corporate life.

"From the school upwards we are teaching every little boy or girl who is donning the 'black shirt,' who is giving the symbolical Roman salute, the value of obedience and public service. We make them forget sect and class and party, and we make them realize that they only exist in and through the State."

—"There can be no doubt, Your Excellency, that in these days of universal unrest, when, as the result of the war, every civilized community has been shaken to its foundations, you are following the only right way. You are right in taking it for granted that political discipline and loyalty to the State must be everywhere the essential virtues of citizenship. But is there not a danger that you may strain that discipline too much? And is there not also a danger that, by making your Fascist State into a universal Providence, you may tend to discourage and paralyse that initiative and private enterprise which are equally essential qualities in our complicated modern life?"

—"But why should initiative and enterprise be discouraged simply because the State happens to be strong and because its machinery is working smoothly and without friction? We are not doctrinaires. We know that the activity of the community can only represent the sum total of the individual activities of all the citizens. I have handed over the State telephones to

private companies—to what the Socialists call the 'predatory capitalist.' I would be just as ready to hand over tomorrow all our State railways to capitalist enterprise, if we could be sure that such a transference would be conducive to the common good. We are willing and eager to give free play to all productive forces, with the one proviso, however, that all private interests shall be kept in strict subordination to the community and that the State shall retain supreme control.

"Surely the old opposition between the State and the individual is mainly academic and exploded today? Surely the individual citizen will work all the more cheerfully and profitably if he knows that the State is both anxious and capable of protecting him in the enjoyment of the fruits of his labour?"

—"I grant, Your Excellency, that the interests of the community are identical with the interests of the individual workers rightly understood. But is it not the one supreme difficulty of all modern industrial states to bring about such a right understanding? How, for instance, are you going to get the employed to believe that their interests are the same as the interests of the employers? And how are you going to get them to accept your new compulsory arbitration laws and your new labour code, which will put an end to the power of the trade unions?"

—"I do not pretend that such education will be easy or that it is at all complete. All great reforms must needs take time, and at first they only reach the more intelligent minority until they percolate down to the masses. That is an argument for Fascism; it is the very reason why the State must combine the method of coercion with the methods of persuasion, until the education of the masses is an accomplished fact.

"But already our working classes have accepted our new theory of the Corporate State as the new 'Magna Charta' of labour. This Charter marks a new epoch in the relations between capital and labour, and what is equally important, in the relations between labour and the State. It embodies a constructive policy which is setting an example for all nations to follow. We have not been content to fight the disease of revolutionary Socialism. We have found a cure.

"The stabilization of our currency has created great

economic difficulties. It has made our exports more difficult and is bound at first to create some unemployment. It has involved a temporary reduction of wages, and in some cases a prolongation of working hours. Our men have gallantly submitted to these inevitable conditions. They know that they can count on the just and impartial intervention of authority and the protection of the law. They no longer believe in the dismal doctrine of class warfare. That doctrine is now looked upon as a reactionary survival of an evil past.

"For centuries the State has made it a criminal offence to settle private quarrels by the brutal method of the duel. Was it not absurd to continue tolerating the settlement of the private differences between employer and employed through the even more brutal and senseless method of the strike? If it is criminal for the citizen generally, why should it be legitimate in a worker to take the law into his own hands? If differences and misunderstandings must inevitably arise, let the law intervene to settle them. And if the differences are specially acute, and the parties refuse to agree, let the quarrel be settled by an impartial tribunal of experts whose decision shall be final, and has behind it the authority of the State.

"The best proof that such compulsory arbitration and such a peaceful settlement are the only rational solution is that hitherto the new Tribunal of Labour, which has been set up by recent legislation as a supreme court, has had no occasion to interfere. We have found that the Italian working man is amenable to reason if he is left to himself, and if he is free from the interference of professional agitators and parasitical demagogues who live and thrive by creating trouble."

—"I quite agree with Your Excellency that the new Fascist theory of the 'Stato corporativo' marks a new epoch in the relations between capital and labour. I also see quite clearly that there can be no permanent peace wherever the trade unions are allowed to erect themselves into a power independent of the law, as a State within the State, and a Power above the State. But precisely because your experiment of incorporating the trade unions within the State is a novel and heroic experiment, would it not meet with even greater success if you cordially invited the co-operation of public opinion and the public Press? I know that an absolutely free

Press is an impossibility. We, in Great Britain, have our censorship. We have the law of libel. We prosecute the journalist for contempt of court. But even though it may be necessary to restrict the expression of newspaper opinion, does it not seem ill-advised to prohibit all public criticism and to suppress the freedom of the Press at the very moment when public criticism and a free Press might be most useful?"

—"We have not suppressed public criticism, and we continue to allow considerable freedom to the Press. For instance, I have permitted the publication of a recent volume by Benedetto Croce, although it is a violent and unfair attack against the Fascist regime. We do not mind such attacks. But we do mind the attacks of ignorant and interested demagogues. We find it intolerable that for interested motives they should undermine the confidence in the Government which is indispensable if the Government is to perform its task.

"I have been a journalist myself. I therefore know full well all the tricks of the trade and all that goes on behind the scenes. A certain type of modern journalism is the greatest danger to modern society. It has formidable power; it has no responsibility and no scruples. It exists for the promotion of its own sordid interests, and it thrives on sensation and scandal.

"Members of all other professions are amenable to the law. Members of all other professions have to undergo a long apprenticeship in the form of severe public examinations. Our journalism alone was not amenable to the law. To enter the profession no qualification was demanded. Henceforth the Italian journalist will have to submit to tests and will have to produce his qualifications. He, too, will be subject to the common law, and he will be punished if he abuses his privileges.

"A few months ago I thought that the moment had arrived when I might safely remit in several hundred cases certain penal sentences which had been imposed for political offences. A newspaper of Verona thought fit to publish a vicious and vindictive attack for what it called my injudicious and undiscriminating act of leniency. I had the newspaper suspended for this unwarranted interference with what is, after all, one of the primary prerogatives of all governments, the prerogative of mercy.

"For a similar political and moral reason two years

ago I issued a decree forbidding the Press to publish any reports of suicides. Whenever two lovers took their lives, it happened invariably that newspapers dramatized the incident into a thrilling ' Romeo and Juliet ' romance, with the result that this form of erotic and hysterical suicide was spreading like an epidemic. It is a significant fact that, ever since I imposed this restriction on the 'Freedom of the Press,' there has been a notable falling-off in our statistics of suicide."

There was one more important point of policy on which I wanted to ask the opinion of the Duce—the relations of Italy with France and Yugoslavia. But at this stage his private secretary entered the room and interrupted our conversation. It was now nearly half-past eight, and obviously the Duce had forgotten, as he must often forget, that he was late for dinner. He most courteously reminded me that his time was up. He hoped that on my next visit to Rome I should meet him again and that we should then have an opportunity of continuing our conversation.

As I was taking my leave and trying to go over the details of our meeting, I must confess that I was less interested in the many important issues which had been raised than in the personality of the speaker. I thought of the vicissitudes of this career which has no parallel in contemporary history: his humble origin, his long years of poverty, his exile and imprisonment, his fights as a Socialist leader, his heroic stand during the war, his gradual conversion to the cause of law and order, his contests with his former allies, and that last epic and Garibaldian March on Rome which, in twenty-four hours, made him the Dictator of the Nation. On revolving in my mind that prodigious adventure where the facts are stranger than fiction, I felt that whatever might be the merits or demerits of Fascism, and whatever difficulties and dangers Italy might still have to face in the near future, one thing was certain: the man I had been listening to was not a mere resourceful politician or successful demagogue, he was a master-mind, a true leader of men, endowed with all the gifts of leadership, with a stout heart, a clear brain, a creative imagination, a high sense of duty, and, above all, a passionate love for his native country.

Irregular Days in Dublin

By L. A. Pavey

THOSE days in Dublin seemed unreal even while one lived through them. There is little wonder that they are fantastic in retrospect, especially when one happens to have left the shores where alone their happenings could have seemed anything but the wildest of fairy-tales. Three years of London life—which is so heavily weighted by law and custom and routine, and keeps its many rails so wonderfully that one gets into the one further habit, and possibly a necessary one, of forgetting its speed—make one hesitate whether one's imagination is not playing riot with the facts, in a mere attempt at relief at any price from the kind of life one has, as a good Londoner, come to recognize as normal.

But I have been reading some newspaper cuttings which I culled at the time, possibly with the feeling that they would, years later in London, need to be seen to be believed. And they do; I need not have hesitated. It was not fantasy. There in those pieces of print, which their headings tell me are taken from Irish dailies and not from some schoolboys' weeklies with bloodthirsty names, are accounts of some of the things over which I never ceased marvelling. I never found then, and I have not found since, a rational explanation for them. Dublin life in ordinary was unreal, but they added to it the incredible. One was continually rubbing one's mental vision to test whether that smoke-cloud before it was permanent; or, if not permanent, was one of so quick a succession that one could not see clear sky between them.

The Irregular campaign all over the country had produced the silly and fatuous, and subsequently boringly repetitive business of youths in lonely country places skulking up to houses, placing masks on their faces, like Deadwood Dick, and, covered by companions with revolvers, setting fire to the only houses of any consequence in their neighbourhood. They thus quite meaninglessly burned countless treasures impossible to replace, rendered ancient families homeless and placed the Irish Free State in a financial slough, by reason of the compensation they were bound to find, from which, with

other factors against them also, they would not be able to recover for years. It seemed to be accepted casually—the mentality of the people who did these things was sufficiently to be accounted for, it appeared, by calling them Republicans. Very few of them, comparatively, were caught. But jest turned to earnest when they were; it seemed like the mixing of stories in two different genres that quite a number of these idle and ignorant yokels were executed.

The countryside was at that time more or less unsafe for travellers. But the facets of a movement which a city can show are always more varied. The movement itself has to be brisker. There is more danger in being in opposition to the powers that live at the heart of things. Further, in the tangle of life that a city and its suburbs present, Revolution cannot be presented with such clear-cut plans of attack. And when in addition one finds the originators of the plans failing to make any sort of good rivals to the bombastic schemers of those schoolboys' "blood and thunders" whose tone they copied in their quaint rags of printed paper, it is evident that most of them were doomed to the most ignominious sort of failure. The insignificant pettiness of their operations was almost incredible. Apart from the casual throwing of "jampot" bombs at Free State Army cars, and the occasional shooting of a soldier in the back in an alleyway, there were such affairs as the attempt on the Revenue Offices in Dublin. My business on that particular morning took me inside Jury's Hotel, which was the central Revenue Office in place of the gutted Custom House. Wild-looking youths in their teens rushed through the corridors and waved us out with revolvers, snipers began to fire from roofs opposite at the guard at the door. There was a tremendous hubbub in College Green, which was as if by magic soon clear of everybody but a detachment of Free State troops. The whole thing fizzled out. Captures were made, land mines were discovered in the car which had brought the attackers and had been left in a side street apparently without any plan.

The quaintest thing about the aftermath of the affair, as showing the mentality of those responsible for it, was the document subsequently found on an Irregular

leader. In reading the following extracts, it should be remembered that the strength of an Irregular "battalion" was small, in all probability a mere handful.

"The most difficult operation was the one at Jury's Hotel, which was entrusted to Bn. 3. . . . All men detailed were at their posts as arranged. When party attempted to rush the guard, they found fighting had already started inside, and the enemy was waiting for them. Evidently the men inside, or some of them, had been discovered. Enemy reinforcements quickly arrived—the building is in a most unsuitable position from our point of view—and a fierce fight ensued. The men inside had, however, been captured, and it was impossible to force an entry. Mines and car containing them were captured outside the building. All the men behaved splendidly and put up a grand fight. . . .

"93 Merrion Square. Plans miscarried owing to enemy activity and job could not be done.

"Fownes Street office, which is close to Jury's, was impossible. Men could not even get into street.

"South Great George's Street—same as Fownes Street.

"Battalion 1 was detailed for offices at Unity Buildings. Men started out on job. They appear to have run into enemy *en route*. At any rate, the building was not entered, and owing to capture of staff I have not got a complete explanation.

"This battalion burned all papers in office of Collector Slater, Upper Gardiner Street.

"32 Nassau Street—suites of offices on three floors. This was a most difficult operation and was successfully carried out. Men had to fight their way out of building and were pursued by enemy for an hour afterwards. No casualties. . . . The operations, being mostly in buildings in centre of city and in the midst of enemy posts, were most difficult. Under the circumstances the men all acted splendidly, and it is quite certain that considerable damage to documents was done at Nassau Street and Beresford Place."

That document really speaks for itself, but it is not surprising to those who knew that the rank and file captured in the attack proved to be of the "weedy

youth" type, one being no more than fifteen or sixteen. Any ignorant boy with a taste for cinematograph adventures naturally espoused De Valera's cause as a doorway to what he thought was reality. As a matter of fact, such affairs usually came off on days when shop assistants had their weekly half-holiday.

A further sequel to the attack was funnier still, for the Council of Irregulars appointed to inquire into the failure of the attack (I have forgotten the meeting-place —probably at some local bar) must have been careless about keeping their rendezvous secret. They were, at all events, found unarmed and shepherded out to captivity by one man. And possibly the prisoners captured at Jury's retaliated, when they had regained their liberty, by holding a court martial on *them*.

This affair took place not many months before the last was seen of the physical force campaign (sporadic as it was) of the Irregulars. There was the usual nasty aftermath of private hates and revenges, some of which were carried out to the general public danger. It was difficult in these affairs, usually, to disentangle the political motive from the family feud, just as it had been, often enough, in the blowing up of private houses. One could well understand why any outspoken comment on affairs was hard to elicit. People in Dublin had got used to disguising their thoughts, however bitter they might be. In a country where the political idea, however far divorced from reality, has a peculiarly temperamental appeal to the majority, whole families, still living together, were split up between the factions. I knew of one —a good middle-class Dublin family, well known and respected—which, in the bitter days of civil war that preceded the separation, had had eight sons. Two had been in the British Forces in France, and one had been killed there. One had been executed by the British after being caught red-handed in ambushing troops, and only a year later another had been executed by the Free State for Republican activities. And even after that the mother of the family never knew at what hour of the night one or other of the remaining four might be entering or leaving that house on some activity concerning which no question could be asked or even looked. It was sanctuary

for any or all, but what she dreaded was that one might be caught and shot there. Or worse still, that brothers on opposing sides might meet. . . .

The vast change in the fortunes of the country brought a bewildering right-about-turn to a good many, forced to choose between being good Free Staters, or men "out for a fight" whatever befell. For a good many reasons, some of them peculiarly Irish, President Cosgrave's administration did not seem to be liked too well, though the majority of those who had "fought" the British had posts open to them in the Free State Army, which badly needed the best men it could get. This explained the very different rôles that some men played at various stages of the drama. The story of a friend of mine struck me as a piquant example of this. He had been caught at the time of the burning of the Custom House in the Post Office that adjoined the building. Unaware of the attack at the time he entered, he had advanced to the counter and laid down a shilling for some stamps. The man behind the counter grinned in a strange way, but handed him the stamps. Then he found himself looking through the wire, not at an assistant, but at the muzzle of the obliging youth's Republican revolver. He "put them up" in obedience to orders and was shepherded round to join the staff in the background. His captor then calmly left them and proceeded without haste to dismantle the telephone communications, though the entry of troops would have put paid to his career. And he got away safely, with a cheery farewell. A year or so later, my informant was greeted, in a bar in a strange part of Dublin whereat he had happened to call, by a man in the uniform of the Free State Army, who slouched across from his seat and looked at him with a pleased smile. His face was vaguely familiar, and while talking with him on general matters the man laughed at his puzzled efforts to place him. "Ah, ye won't remimber," he said, "but I'll tell ye, if ye'll promise not to say a word, seein'"—he looked at his uniform—"that I'm on the other side now. D'ye remimber the Custom House and lookin' to me for some stamps which I sold ye? Well," he added, "I'm glad to have met ye, and I had to tell ye, for I wanted to know—it's been puzzlin' me head

iver since—was it you or I who lifted that shillin'? I wish ye cud tell a fella!"

It did not, I remember, seem strange to the family I was then staying with, Loyalist though they were, that their maid's betrothed was in prison as a Republican. They used to advise her as to the make-up of the parcels he would probably like, the while this Kilkenny miss lamented loudly the thieving ways of the Free State guards, in that so few of the good things reached him intact.

I have played Bridge in another house where one son playing was in a Free State Government office and another had only a fortnight before been released from an internment camp for Republicans. Not a word was said concerning politics. The two brothers looked equally healthy and happy, and one would have been confident that they had been playing cards together in that house for years without a break. It was only in a sudden and stupefying flash that the beliefs of the mother, a little, hardworking, and seemingly meek body who spent every minute of her day in the kitchen, were betrayed. An unusually callous murder of a Free State soldier had been mentioned, and she burst forth with the most staggering energy: "And why wouldn't he be killed? Somebody's got to do the killing!" That seemed a complete enough creed for her—she relapsed again into the silence which a simple English visitor had previously regarded as being the refuge merely of a good housekeeping mind.

One evening the Republicans created some excitement by conceiving the notion that, as the country had not suspended its business and pleasure in order to go into mourning for one of their number recently executed, they would assist by putting people on the right track. So they sent round bands of armed men to all theatres and cinemas in Dublin with orders to stop the performances. Failing a stoppage, they threatened that the buildings would, some fine day, be blown sky high. The raids were made according to plan, and some, before Free State troops were able to arrive on the scene, were frightened into closing down. I happened to be at the Abbey Theatre that evening, and there, as at one or two other places, they decided, to their credit, to pay no heed to

threats and to carry on. A quarter of an hour's break and the company once more plunged into Yeats's *Shadowy Waters*, to an almost emptied house, but with Yeats himself, as was usual when his plays were being acted, walking wild-haired and lost up the gangway of the theatre.

I remember Yeats on another occasion speaking at the United Arts Club. Special precautions were taken, Yeats being a senator, that he should not be visible through any of the windows by those whose fancy still led them to indulge in pot-shots at people who mattered. And there was, moreover, Col. Moore in the chair. I forget the exact title of the address, but the subject was on some aspect of spiritualism. There was no platform and I remember the way the speaker shuffled, in his absorption, right to the feet of the front row of his audience, until it seemed that he was going to break through and encircle them in the earnestness of his eloquence.

But wherever it impinged on normal life in Dublin, that civil war seemed merely silly, a poor affair played in such fatuous ignorance of any rules it might have had that would have helped to raise it to a level of some sort of dignity above that of a street game that one hardly looked upon it as a credible contribution to things that actually happened. There seemed so much more life in any one of the normal activities of the city than in these quaint intrusions of a handful of malcontents whose mental processes seemed beyond the reach of any rational assessing. The people who spoke so theatrically, so largely, so windily at those Sunday meetings of Republicans in O'Connell Street were full of references to the most important secret happenings during the week. Invariably those happenings, concerning which they would not divulge anything substantial, were of such a nature as would at last "make this infamous Government shake in its shoes." At last the fate of the nation was to be decided. There had never been a crisis like this crisis. They were to go on to their end, whatever happened and whoever was swept from the path, etc. etc. Some of the speeches, lacking both point and constructive effort, were almost interminable, as were the articles in their

papers. A recollected incident by one of the leaders of an escape through the mountains when "on the run," although three years out of date, would be drawn out in the most conscienceless way to fill more than half an issue. A mixture of bombast and irrelevance was served up in village political style and with a quite astounding absence of any perspective that would carry farther than the village pump. There would follow some subscription lists and some gossipy notes that would have been voted dull in Little Puddlington, and that, apart from those vague hints of the glorious future upon which, in some unexplained fashion, they had obtained a lien, would be positively all. Quite a lot of movements which over here would be dubbed hopelessly provincial are sparkling by comparison.

There seemed to be freedom from this peculiar miasma if one left Dublin for the mountains which are so close. Though one knew that they had their own histories of vendettas and shootings and tragedies, there was peace in the soft air, the stillness and the silence. It seemed to make all those happenings below so petty and the tortured story of the country a thing to be forgotten. The hills almost encircle Dublin, like a cup, and parts of them—up by Glencree, under Hell Fire Mountain, or right across to Loch Don—seem almost as wild and lost as the more famous stretches of Connemara and Kerry in the west. I lunched once at a cottage whose folk had known Synge well. For weeks at a time he would stay there by the loch side. Others they had known in that lonely and almost deserted spot had been famous Abbey players of a bygone generation. It would hardly seem to have mattered to them there, anything that took place in the city, so self-contained was the life, but their comments on recent happenings were shrewd and ironic. There was that peculiar soft sadness, dignified, but not despairing, in the household that becomes so well the best of the Irish establishments.

But there was all round in the countryside that attitude towards decay which seemed to be more than mere acceptance. It was almost affection. You would be told mournfully of the great days that had been. Nobody ever looked forward to a possibility of their recurrence.

You might not find a building for miles in what looked as though it could have been prosperous country. When you spied one, at last, it would, most disappointingly, be a ruin. They didn't appear to repair houses. They preferred, apparently, to regard their slow dissolution as an act of God, not to be interfered with. There was an air of brooding and melancholy, an almost physical presence, that is quite indescribable, that must be felt if it is to be believed. It seemed at times to become almost insupportable, and how people could accept it as a part of any life that intended to survive with any vigour to normal ends was a problem that always baffled me.

One wanted to investigate that dead weight that lay on Irish life, to resolve it into its elements, to tell oneself that it was a cloud that would pass with the troubled year. One deceived oneself about it, for when one thinks of it, the very fact that instead of disappearing, it merely takes fresh shape with each temporal crisis of the country is sufficiently melancholy. What lighter life there was, all good in its way—dancing, cricket, racing, hurling, Rugby football—seemed not to touch the fringe of it, even though they think a whole lot of sport in Ireland. They had their own touches, even there, though. It was a commonplace that matches never started to time; it was rather more comical that they were so late with their programme that the final part of it for one year had invariably to be played in the following year. Then certain fervid Gaelic advocates decreed that those engaged in games of Gaelic origin should not play Rugby or association football, or any other game smirched by the adherence of foreigners, should not even watch it lest they should be struck from the lists. Further, all communications were to be made in Gaelic—a rule which naturally dropped through because seventy-five per cent., to give a mild estimate, of the secretaries did not know it, and could not be bothered to learn. In one report of Gaelic Athletic Association affairs an appeal from Boyne Rangers F.C. against a decision of the Louth Co. Board, annulling an objection on the grounds that the address on envelope and signature were not written in Irish, was sent back to the Louth Board for reconsideration.

"The revival of Ireland's ancient language" sounded like a great concomitant of freedom. It has, of course, being quite useless, proved an almost intolerable nuisance, but one from which the Government dare not rid itself. There was a story at the time that the practice of giving the addresses of Government offices, in both Irish and English, the affix and suffix of the communication in Irish only, and the letter itself in English, met with a strange acknowledgment in the reply to a letter addressed to a certain British Government Department. It is said that it arrived with the affix and suffix in English and the body in Irish, to the complete dismay of the recipients, who had to send it out to get it translated! The *Irish Statesman*, that sane and free and often brilliant weekly, which was run in really wonderful fashion by "A.E.," was strong on the language question, warning readers that a quarter of the money spent on bilingual notices, which few read, would have endowed a publishing scheme and the editing of badly needed educational books. It certainly might have financed libraries, for in small towns like Bray and Skerries, quite close to Dublin, although the buildings were there, one could find in them next to nothing to read. They were, like Dublin itself, with its cobbles and dirt, about fifty years behind the times. Even in big shops it seemed to be regarded as a mistake to dress a window or to know where your goods were. Things were thrown into the window, or on shelves, pell-mell, and the owner usually thought, vaguely, in reply to inquiries, that he "might have some of thim wans somewhere." And as often as not was forced to poke about for them in the dust with a stick.

Well, they were queer days spent in a queer place, and the attraction about them was just that they *were* so very different from any sort of life lived in England. One was always searching for the soul of that difference. It was, and is, there somewhere, shy, tortured and fantastic. But it will always be impossible to bring it into line with the march of events and practical possibilities. It will remain apart in its own dark haunts, and whatever part of the Celt becomes anglicized or Europeanized will be some part that is not very important.

Sunlight in Industry

By Leonard V. Dodds

One of the outstanding developments of recent scientific research is the application of ultra-violet radiation, either natural or generated artificially, to technical processes in industry. The exposure of many fallacious and exaggerated statements about the properties of these rays has resulted in many new researches being received with considerable scepticism, or even ignored entirely; and in the maze of suspicion and distrust engendered by these inaccurate reports many valuable developments are in danger of being overlooked or not fully recognized.

All clinical experts who understand the therapeutic and surgical value of ultra-violet light, and all technicians who are applying these rays to industrial purposes, are agreed that incalculable harm has been done to the development of a new branch of science by the widespread publicity given to some of the extraordinary powers accredited to ultra-violet radiations. It is quite true that these rays are being used in an almost incredible variety of ways; but it is equally certain that the application is governed by physical characteristics which these rays possess in the same way as X-rays and gamma rays from radio-active bodies such as radium. Ultra-violet radiation, skilfully applied, is of enormous value both in medical science and commercial enterprise; but to suggest that it is the panacea for all ills, bodily and industrial, is an absurdity which only succeeds in belittling a great achievement of science.

In the irradiation of foodstuffs a combination of two properties of ultra-violet is used which is extremely valuable. Exposure to the rays produces immediate extermination of all bacteria and microbes; and consequently, when a commodity such as milk is treated, a very efficient sterilization is produced. In addition to this it has now been demonstrated irrefutably that, when certain foodstuffs are irradiated, there is a definite

increase in the food-value consequent upon an increase in the vitamin content. It is vitamin D which has proved so effective in the cure of rickets and for improving the health of debilitated children; and from the medical standpoint irradiated foodstuffs are of considerable benefit.

In early experiments on the irradiation of milk to produce these anti-rachitic properties, the great drawback was that the milk acquired such a repulsive taste and smell, resembling singed hair, that its wide adoption as an infant food was utterly impossible. Following upon the researches of Dr. Scholl, a Bavarian biologist who has made a life-long study of milk, a method has now been devised whereby milk is irradiated in the presence of a neutral gas instead of oxygen, for the rancid smell was not caused directly by irradiation but by oxidization in the milk itself. Carbon-dioxide is the gas used, and the apparatus has recently been introduced into this country. There is apparently no difference in the taste or smell of the milk irradiated by this method, while its biologic value has been demonstrated beyond doubt.

In America means have now been devised for the mass production of irradiated dried milk, and this development will have far-reaching effects. Similar means for irradiating canned fruits, fish, meats and other foods are being studied, and when various technical difficulties have been overcome, there is little doubt that these commodities will be treated on a commercial scale with a consequent improvement in national health.

These sterilizing properties are used extensively. In the manufacture of mineral waters the makers of "Canada Dry" ginger ale have a battery of mercury-vapour arcs capable of thoroughly sterilizing 20,000 gallons of water per hour. Another future use will be apparatus for sterilizing the water supply for towns and cities throughout the country. Already there are several small towns where this method has been adopted, and very effective results are claimed. The high cost, however, of installing the apparatus necessary to deal with the prodigious amount of water consumed by a large city makes the method commercially impracticable at present; but now the value of such irradiation has been recognized, it is only a

matter of time to secure such drinking water for town supplies both cheaply and efficiently.

To increase the vitamin properties, a large north-country bakery expose all their bread to a mercury-vapour arc before baking, while butter is treated by being spread out on an endless band which slowly rotates before a powerful lamp. A similar process is used by a prominent company of soap manufacturers; and experiments are being made to apply ultra-violet radiation in making lactic cheese. The food-producing and sterilizing properties of these rays are being increasingly applied to commerce in an amazing variety of ways, and these uses alone are sufficient to give ultra-violet radiation a leading place in industry.

Actually, however, such radiation possesses other properties of at least equal importance, and these are now being employed extensively for technical processes in industry. The discovery of the phenomenon of fluorescence is an outstanding scientific achievement the ultimate value of which it is impossible to estimate at present, for new applications are being evolved constantly and as yet the whole field of light therapy is but imperfectly understood. Many substances, when exposed to a beam of filtered ultra-violet rays, possess the power of fluorescing, each with a characteristic colour; and by this means it is possible in many cases to identify the unknown by comparison with the known and to separate like, but actually differing, materials. An adaptation of the familiar mercury-vapour vacuum quartz lamp is the instrument used for work of this kind. The burner is contained in a box-like structure which permits observation, and all the visible light generated by the lamp is filtered away by means of a specially made glass screen which can transmit only the invisible ultra-violet radiations. Many ways in which this lamp may be applied were discovered in the laboratory, and a number of them are still in the experimental stage, for very often a method which is highly satisfactory on a small scale may be utterly impracticable when attempts are made to modify it for commercial uses. Nevertheless, a very large number of industries are now using quartz lamps as a recognized part of the process of manufacture and there

is little doubt that the method will be developed on an even more extensive scale as the relatively minor technical difficulties are overcome. The inadequacy of technical research on light is, however, apparent in whatever direction one turns, and even the basic theory of the subject is itself disputed. It is to be hoped that the near future will see the removal of many of the technical difficulties, the explanation of the known and the discovery of new applications.

When a substance capable of fluorescing is exposed to a beam of ultra-violet rays, the invisible radiation is changed into visible light of longer wave-length and the curious glow is seen to which the term "fluorescence" has been applied. The glow differs in colour according to the substance examined, and it is by observing these variations that the method has been applied to industrial purposes.

Many of the textile manufacturing companies in the West Riding of Yorkshire and elsewhere employ the rays to detect mildew and bacterial damage, for the good material will show an entirely different fluorescence from the affected portion. Similarly, forgeries may be detected with facility, for while diamonds glow like beautiful blue lamps, imitations are absolutely lifeless and dull. Pearls may also be separated according to their origin; and as the vogue of imitation stones has increased enormously in recent years, several leading jewellery establishments have installed apparatus to reduce the possibility of error to a minimum.

In medico-criminal work, filtered ultra-violet radiations are used to detect the presence of poison. One of the most sensitive tests is that of arsenic, but no matter by what foreign substance the poison is surrounded, the characteristic fluorescences will always reveal its presence. This test for arsenic was admitted as evidence for the prosecution in an important murder trial in Berlin a short time ago. Some idea of the remarkable accuracy with which a fluorescence test can be made is gained from the fact that quinine can be detected by its distinct fluorescence in a water solution of one part in a hundred millions; uranin can even show one part in a thousand millions, while aesculin can in favourable circumstances

be detected in the proportion of one to ten thousand millions.

Another aspect of criminal investigation which is assisted by ultra-violet radiation is the detection of forgeries, such as counterfeit bank-notes, passports and security bonds. One of the large German banks have furnished all their branches with suitable apparatus for this purpose and it is stated that the results are very satisfactory. About two years ago this bank discovered a colossal forgery. A large number of railway bonds had been so falsified as to antedate their maturity and so increase their apparent value. The alterations were so skilfully done that detection by ordinary methods was impossible. When filtered ultra-violet was employed, however, the fraud was immediately apparent, for the ink used in the original fluoresced differently from that of the alterations. Before any of these bonds were accepted they were examined beneath a quartz lamp, and it is said that all the frauds were found before any payment was made.

Both Scotland Yard and the Bank of England have apparatus for examining counterfeit bank-notes and other forgeries, while a precisely similar method is employed by some philatelists to observe counterfeit stamps and to detect piecing. A great advantage of this method over all others in which chemicals are used is that the working is much quicker and simpler and involves no injury to the specimens.

In cotton-seed used for making agricultural cake a certain proportion of nux vomica is included as a purgative. This is graded with special care, for from this seed are obtained the poisons strychnine and brucine. To control the proportion included with the cotton-seed, samples are periodically examined beneath ultra-violet rays and the proportion of nux vomica mixed with the cotton-seed can be seen at once, since it fluoresces gleaming white against the dull brown of the cotton. A skilled technician can tell at once whether the proportion is greater or less than the standard required.

Paint manufacturers are using this means to find impurities in their products, and the difference between two paints, one pure and the other adulterated, is seen

with remarkable clearness under the test of fluorescence. Rubber manufacturers and rubber users, such as the makers of Dunlop Tyres, also employ the rays in their processes. Rubber is used very widely at present, and in many cases inferior goods purporting to be pure are introduced to the market. Lithopone is the adulterant chiefly used, and it fluoresces a very pale yellow colour, which is readily distinguished. The presence of sulphur can also be seen by its dull greyish-yellow fluorescence. In some of the rubber industries ultra-violet radiation is as yet used only in laboratory work for controlling samples, but with the development of research it is quite possible that these rays may also be employed on the manufacturing side as well.

Another application which is being studied very carefully is the examination of tobacco for bacterial damage. The enormous output of the tobacco factories of this country alone makes the importance of adequate testing evident, and this method is also receiving considerable attention in America. When a cigarette is exposed to the radiations, impurities in the tobacco can be seen at once even through the paper covering.

The age of eggs has long been a subject of doubt and controversy, but now can be settled with absolute exactness. A perfectly fresh egg fluoresces a beautiful bright red colour which pales according to the age of the specimen until eventually white is reached. Some importers are employing this method with success, and poultry keepers are examining eggs for hatching purposes by it.

Students of history have received considerable help by the application of ultra-violet radiation to deciphering palimpsests, for a large amount of material hitherto unaccessible has now been made available. This method was discovered by Professor G. R. Kogel of Vienna, and by the use of quartz lenses it is also possible to take a photograph of a palimpsest and thus obtain a permanent record. In olden days when parchment was used for writing upon, it was not destroyed when time had rendered the document worthless, owing to the cost and labour of producing the material; instead, it was carefully cleaned by chemical or mechanical means and used a second, and

even a third time. In many cases the older writings are of much greater historical value than the superimposed and visible text, if it were possible to read it; and the researches of Professor Kogel now make this possible. After the cleaning process certain of the tints and dyes used in the original script remain in the parchment, and when examination is made under ultra-violet these fluoresce differently from the parchment itself and also from the later writings. By means of specially constructed filters it is possible, if necessary, to cut out the fluorescence from the superimposed text and thus obtain a photograph of the original, but it is of even more interest to observe the two together on one print. In the photograph the visible text appears as if it were written in outline type—that is, white lettering with a narrow black edge—while underneath this can be seen quite clearly the dark grey characters of the original script. Though imperfections are to be expected owing to variations in the cleaning process, it is seldom that visibility is the cause of any difficulty in deciphering. The production of these records requires considerable technical skill, and as yet only a small number are available; but the importance of the material which may be found is sufficient to lead to much further investigation.

It is only to be expected that, since the rays have been applied in so many varied ways to industry, uses should be made of them which are not quite so legitimate. The rays from the mercury arc are of much greater intensity than those emitted by the sun, and consequently the fading of materials is both enhanced and expedited.

There are several ways in which these properties may be employed legitimately, as in the textile and dyeing industries where ultra-violet rays are used extensively, but one of the most recent applications is in the production of "antiques." Tapestries of modern manufacture are often based on medieval designs, and now they are exposed to powerful ultra-violet radiation to produce the appearance of age which the originals only acquire by the passage of centuries, but which by the new means is a matter of hours only. The fabrics thus obtained are used either for tapestry chairs, the woodwork of which is

cleverly faked, even to the inclusion of wormholes. Or the tapestry may be sold as hangings, and the aged appearance lends colour to the legends always included in the bargain; and, owing to the present craze, these pseudo-antiques find a ready market.

Before the war, when knowledge of the properties of these rays was very elementary, researches were already being made into their effect on wines. It has been claimed that wine, after passing the fermentation stage, changes in taste and colour and attains the characteristics of old wine after exposure to ultra-violet radiation in thin films. The drawback to the speedy production of vintage wines by this method is that red wines are bleached to some extent, while many of the fruit colours fade rapidly under irradiation. This application has commercial possibilities which require adequate supervision.

It must be understood quite clearly that knowledge of the properties of light is still imperfect, and, in consequence, many of the industrial applications may be developed extensively with advanced research or may be superseded by the discovery of new methods. Even now, however, it is almost impossible to describe fully the great variety of ways in which these radiations are used. The Crown Agents for the Colonies have apparatus for inspecting samples of cloth, while the well-known firm of Bovril uses quartz lamps in its laboratories, and so on throughout British industry it is possible to mention an almost inexhaustible number of ways in which these radiations are employed technically. In America even more widespread applications have been made, and an amazing amount of valuable research has been accomplished in Germany.

Fortunately, students in the three countries seem to be working in close co-operation, and the results of their researches are being made available to commercial enterprise with commendable rapidity.

Fiction or Fact?

By Lady Balfour

An old lady once said, "Whenever I remember a fact for a year, I begin to wonder how much of it has become fiction."

Middle life brings home this truth to us with extraordinary emphasis. The memories of childhood stand, vivid, untouched, apart; perhaps a shade higher in tone, by contrast with the atmosphere of later experience through which we look back at them, but still calm and true, like reflections in quiet water. But, for the rest, there are so many divergent avenues in the mind; so many blind alleys; so many paths where, after a few steps, the track is overgrown and lost, or the ground has fallen away, leaving us on the sudden edge of an unexpected abyss, that we have learned to mistrust our own direction.

Above all, I think, the strangeness of the confusion caused by one's past reading strikes the heaviest blow upon the memory. What actually happened, and what one has read in a book, are, in youth, in two distinct categories. But as middle age comes on, the dividing line is apt gradually to become a little blurred. The people who have been our companions in our best-loved books are as real and as dear to us as the authors who created them; and in our leisure—or even in the thoughts of our busiest moments—we turn to them with relief and refreshment, as to the actual faces of friends. I once said to my brother (and the question will show that I was very young), "Who is your favourite character in fiction?" He pondered and replied, "I don't know." I said, challenging him, "Why, I thought you would not have hesitated for a moment!" "Who?" he asked me. "Old Mr. Weller, of course," said I. "My good child," he said with scorn, "I don't call *that* fiction!" Nor did he; nor do we, when we are confronted by the reproachful faces of Elizabeth Bennet or Mr. Collins or Mr. Knightley; of Alan Fairford or Dandy Dinmont or Diana Vernon; of Mr. Harding or Archdeacon Grantly or Mrs. Proudie; of Evan Harrington or Diana Warwick

or Clara Middleton. Most men would add, "Oh, and Beatrix Esmond!" Most women would breathe, "You have left out Darcy!" And all the Pickwick Club would come crowding in—there would be no end to the procession.

One sees the point vividly in the story of Tennyson at Lyme Regis: "Don't show me where Monmouth landed. I want to see the place where Louisa Musgrove fell off the Cobb." In London, in Bath, in Dorchester, perhaps in Edinburgh, to identify the streets and houses where these, our imaginary friends, lived and moved, causes as deep emotion and excitement as to see the truly historic places. I say "Perhaps" in the case of Edinburgh, because the thrill of seeing 39 Castle Street, where that steady, unceasing hand wrote in the window, is a crisis in any life.

Last summer, when I went to that little house at Chawton, I could not fit Miss Austen into it at all. True, there has been a partition put up, since she lived there, to cut off the sitting-room from the front door, which makes the present sitting-room a desolate little front parlour, instead of the wider and more welcoming family living-room it must have been in the Austens' days; but somehow Jane was not there. In Bath itself I would quite as readily look for Sir Walter Elliot's house in Camden Place with its "two handsome drawing-rooms" as I would look at 4 Sidney Place, where the Austens lived from 1801 to 1805. She would never come to meet one *there*; but I could walk blindfold through "the great iron sweepgates" of Hartfield, and into Emma's drawing-room, with its view of the lawn to the west, or run up into Mrs. Bennet's dressing-room looking out over the paddock and the drive without a doubt that Jane herself would be about, seeing that all was as she intended it to be.

On the other hand, if I had to choose between seeing Haworth Parsonage and seeing—as one still may see—the little house on the edge of the moors at Hathersage, to which Jane Eyre came, starving and exhausted, to be taken in and revived by St. John Rivers and his sisters, I would not hesitate an instant (albeit with a sense of dread) before climbing the steep hill to the parsonage.

That house, it seems to me, must still vibrate with the intense lives of those three strange sisters—lives outwardly so monotonous, so eager and passionate beneath. One feels as though that house and that life and Branwell's tragedy, and the deaths of the three sisters, had actually been the material of a book by Emily or Charlotte; as, indeed, in one sense they were; so much for them all were fact and imagination grimly interwoven.

In a completely opposite sense, I have the same feeling about Dove Cottage, to which one would fly, as to sanctuary, after the storms of Haworth. It is almost as if Dorothy Wordsworth had told herself the story, and had allowed us to read it as a secret privilege. We see them, William and Dorothy, living and moving in their valleys, in their real, outward life, of which some of us have heard, in our own days, from those who knew them there; but we see them and all about them as in a dream through Dorothy's eyes—a dream that has captured and held all "the wild freshness of morning," and has floated down to us with the dew still upon it. How should we not rest here? "It calls the heart home to quietness," as she said of her beloved vale of Grasmere, in which the cottage lies. Dorothy's Journal makes it our home—that wonderful poem in prose which William could never re-write satisfactorily in his own verses, though many a time he "tired himself out" with trying.

Suppose it to be May 6, 1802, when they had been settled at Grasmere for about three years: "A sweet morning. . . . Here we are sitting in the orchard. . . . It is a nice, cool, shady spot. The small birds are singing, lambs bleating, cuckoos calling, the thrush sings by fits, Thomas Ashburner's axe is going quietly (without passion) in the orchard, hens are cackling, flies humming, the women talking together at their doors, plum and pear trees are in blossom—apple trees greenish—the opposite woods green, the crows are cawing, we have heard ravens, the ash trees are in blossom, birds flying all about us, the stitchwort is coming out, there is a budding lychnis, the primroses are passing their prime, celandine, wood-sorrel and violets for evermore, little geraniums and pansies on the wall." It is not a description, it is a revelation.

The following July came the idyll of the swallows, who built outside Dorothy's window, just before her dream of love in life—of being all-in-all to William—was over; before William and she "set off" to go for Mary Hutchinson, and to bring her back as Mary Wordsworth. Never was verse more charged with the poignancy of farewell than is this prose. "Every now and then there was a motion of their wings, a sort of tremulousness, and they sang a low song to one another. . . . It is now eight o'clock. I will go and see if my swallows are on their nest. Yes! there they are, side by side, both looking down into the garden. I have been out on purpose to see their faces. I knew by looking at the window that they were there. . . . O, beautiful place—Dear Mary and William—the hour is come. . . . I must prepare to go. The swallows, I must leave them, the well, the garden, the roses—all. Dear creatures! They sang last night after I was in bed; they seemed to be singing to one another just before settling for the night. Well, I must go. Farewell. . . ."

And she is gone. But her lovely spirit haunts the place as Mary's never will. Good, wise, kind Mary! But she would never have "gone out into the garden to see their faces." William understood. "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears," he wrote of "Emmeline," who was really Dorothy. William understood, although he was far from always understanding. He, too, had shared the delicate, innocent romance of what those years had meant to Dorothy. It was the dream of a childhood starved of love and sympathy; and it was the dream come true at last. This lent to each day the almost hectic beauty of something too perfect to last. She was exquisitely happy. Her genius was the fitting handmaiden to the genius of Wordsworth, and in a lesser degree to that of Coleridge. And although it is untrue to say that Wordsworth drew all his inspiration from her, there is no doubt she could open his eyes to certain lovelinesses in life which he would have passed by alone. And Coleridge, too; the solitary leaf in "Christabel" was Dorothy's leaf at Alfoxden. "The hornéd moon was going up . . . and a star or two beside" (the last six words, Dorothy's); "the old moon with the young moon in her arms"—the two poets could not get away from her

artless and perfect poetry. It is delightful, as we read her journal, to find there the original thought of so many lines of verse we have known all our lives. No fiction, all this, but something more than fact. The romance, perhaps, that is in all truly-told History.

Again, the meeting of the Wordsworths with Scott, on September 17, 1803, gives that sudden sense of the melting of the romance of truth into the romance of imagination. Here Lockhart had to gain his information partly from the verbal description of the visit given him by Wordsworth, "and partly from that of his sister's charming 'Diary,' which he was so kind as to read to me, on May 16, 1836"—thirty-three years afterwards. Where would they have been then without "the charming Diary" of which Wordsworth had thought but little at the time? Lockhart says, of the visit itself, "So many incidents have since been immortalized both in the poet's verse and in the hardly less poetical prose of his sister's diary." Scott was dead then (by 1836)—worn out. Dorothy had finally become "childish" in 1832. . . . "The music in my heart I bore, long after it was heard no more."

Scott was writing, when they met, in September 1803, the third volume of the "Border Minstrelsy," with the account of Sir Tristram—the story so dear to him that a mention of it brought back a flicker of his failing spirit in the last sad days. He had begun "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." "Waverley" was still unborn. The Solway shores were yet to be made a magic strand by the hand of "The Wizard," in the capture of Darsie Latimer by Redgauntlet. Frank Osbaldistone had still to ride perilously up the Great North Road, and Jeanie Deans had to walk its weary length to London. Meg Merrilies was unknown, and her classic curse of Ellangowan unrecorded. What wealth for the world was to enrich those next thirty years! Which of it all is true? Scott showing Melrose to William and Dorothy, and walking as Sheriff in the odd little procession at Jedburgh; or all these later friendships, which that untiring hand in the window of Castle Street created for us?

To some of us it would seem no false tradition to go from Melrose to Barchester, or from Grasmere to

Hogglestock or Plumstead Episcopi. There are days when the trouble at Hogglestock seems so real as to be almost unbearable; when I cannot face Mr. Crawley—still less Mrs. Crawley—until that nice idiot, Eleanor Arabin, has explained her folly about the cheque. Nor can I, except when things are particularly bright, go with Mr. Harding from the warden's lodge into the little lodgings over the chemist's shop, which "smelt of senna softened by peppermint." I cannot part with Mr. Harding. Let us put off his death—which happens so perfectly as to time and place—and the last wail of his dear violoncello and the last talk with his little grandchild Posy. I like better to turn to his earlier spirited defiance of his son-in-law, Archdeacon Grantly, and his secret journey to London to renounce the wardenship against the archdeacon's will. And I like to think that, when the archdeacon and Mrs. Grantly followed him up to town, they all three stayed at the Chapter Coffee House, near St. Paul's, which was where Charlotte and Anne Brontë stayed, when they went up on their own secret journey to disclose to their amazed publishers in Cornhill the identity of "Currer Bell and his brothers."

Don't tell me that the Grantlys and Mr. Harding and the rest never lived, while the Brontës alone were real people. Why, it was the same old waiter in both descriptions! And how many of us have strung ourselves up afresh to a further endurance of some strain, with the advice of the old labourer to Mr. Crawley, "It's dogged as does it"? How many of us have not understood the archdeacon's feelings, when he was afraid to say his prayers at night because he knew he would then be apt to forgive his son Henry, against whom he was fanning what he felt to be a just indignation? Ah, but they *did* live! They have made life richer for us all.

To some people "Ravenshoe" means nothing. But to its own circle of friends it has glorified Eaton Square in a way that no other monument could ever do. Recall the little shoeblack whose affection for Charles Ravenshoe saved Charles from despair and was itself the saving of the child's own honesty. Did not such shoeblack ever play pitch-and-toss with a button against the wall at the corner? And the wedding scene, with Gus, Flora,

and Archy, those incomparable children, all at their worst—or best. Did no such wedding ever take place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square?

This dream-vision of truth-to-fact and truth-of-imagination carries us westward, from Eaton Square to Young Street, Kensington. Changed; so changed! Yet there is still the same delight in the thought of Thackeray living there, so near to his own Lady Esmond in Kensington Square. Far more real, this, than that depressing story of the party he gave in honour of Charlotte Brontë, at which she would not speak except to the governess (poor Charlotte!) and, finally, Thackeray slipped out, in dejection, and fled to his club before his guests had departed. Lady Esmond had better manners. She would never have spoiled a party given in her honour, for, in spite of her jealousies, she was always a great lady.

Finally, we come to a place which always seems to be halfway between reality and imagination. It is, or rather it was, Charles Lamb's "Blakesmoor in H—shire," so thinly veiled that he might almost, one would think, have kept its true name Blakesware in Hertfordshire. The house was pulled down in 1822 by its owners, the Plumers. In Lamb's unforgettable description it lives in our hearts for ever. He remembers it as a child, and at the very core and centre of it, in his Essays, is the child's paradise, "the cheerful storeroom, in whose hot window-seat I used to sit and read Cowley, with the grass-plot before, and the hum and the flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it, about me—it is in mine ears now, as oft as summer returns." That wasp, which gives the summery, sunshiny, spicy warmth to the whole delicate picture, is an immortal wasp, since Lamb showed us its presence, and will live on immortally, in an atmosphere of brown sugar and honey anæsthesia; though "the Twelve Cæsars," those "stately busts in marble," and "the mosaic pavements" were doomed and dismissed to Wardour Street as long ago as 1851, when Gilston House, to which they had been transferred, was also demolished.

Mackrye End, near Wheathampstead, is another place about which Lamb has thrown the gossamer veil of his fancy, in that perfect little idyll called by its own name,

with the slight variation of "Mackery," which describes the pilgrimage made by his sister Mary and himself to this place, which had become a memory to both of them, in their later years, when Mary was over fifty. This house, I think, still stands; so we, too, can walk from Wheathampstead if we will, and see it for ourselves. But in the description of their visit, Lamb touches, from another angle, the point with which I am concerned. "Though *I* had forgotten it," he writes, "*we* had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, *till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself*,* and I thought I knew the aspect of the place, which, when present, O how unlike it was to that which I had conjured up so many times instead of it. Still the air breathes balmily about it; the season was in the 'heart of June,' and I could say with the poet:

> But thou that didst appear so fair
> To fond imagination
> Dost rival in the light of day
> Her delicate creation!" †

So it is with us all. There is an opalescent quality in things long remembered, which overwhelms colour-outlines and confuses categories. We know what we remember, but we are not sure if we remember what we know—or knew. And I wonder is it worth our while to sort out and tidy up so happy a wilderness?

Lamb cries, of Blakesmoor, "*How shall they build it up again?*" ‡ But as the cry broke, he had done it. "It was but a step," he says of the Blakesmoor scutcheon, which, as a child, he passed at bedtime—"It was but a step from gazing at thee to dreaming on thee." And from his dreaming comes this immortality. I wonder if he ever saw these two places again; the one in its nameless desolation, the other as it stood of old? I think not. He had recreated them as in their happier hours and had fixed their images, for himself and for us, calm and shining for ever. Let us also tread softly, lest we break up and disturb the golden silence of our lingering remembrances.

* These italics are mine. † Wordsworth, *Yarrow Visited*.
‡ These italics are in Lamb's Essay.

Frost

By Jessica Ware

MR. MALPAS walked round his estate. Not even his greatest friend, nor yet his most distantly polite acquaintance, had ever been persuaded to estimate it at three acres. But all the more was it the apple of Mr. Malpas's eye. It was just the size that could comfortably be carried in the mind, and at intervals in the dreary Monday to Friday which he spent in his London office he would bring it out and look at it. Indeed, though he could never openly do so except when partners, secretaries, and office boys were safely out of the way, it is to be feared that when Mr. Malpas's mind should have been running smoothly on stocks and shares, on buying or selling, it would sometimes get hitched upon a sedum or a Ribston pippin.

But today was Saturday, and Mr. Malpas was in fact in his garden. Though he knew every corner by heart he never grew tired of feasting his eyes upon it. He carried the name and age of every tree in his orchard at his finger-tips; some said that he recognized each individual pear and apple as it came to the table. (But who cares for scoffers?) He would beam at the feathery rows of carrots, at the ranks of sedate lettuces, at the scrambling, hell-for-leather scarlet runners as at so many dear and faithful servants. The life-history of each flower was a poem to him; he would tell you from which neighbour's garden it had been fetched home in a basket in the early autumn; he would tell you how he had nursed it through the winter, how he had saved it from death at the hands of the early spring frosts, how his holiday had been spent in watering the budding thing throughout the August drought, and *now*! Ah, but you should have seen it a fortnight ago.

This particular Saturday, however, was in December, and flowers and fruit had vanished. Only the holly berries remained to scream a welcome to him, and a few

scraggy Brussels sprouts' stems waved hilariously in the wind as he walked past followed by his cat. Methuselah (who was scarcely more than an elderly kitten) was devoted to Mr. Malpas, and though a vigorous "tom" did not seem to resent being called "she." Mr. Malpas called all cats "she" (clinging, presumably, to the childish belief that the cat is the female of the dog), except when it really did happen to be a lady, and then a peculiar swerve of his prudery made him call the creature "it."

But besides a garden and a cat Mr. Malpas had also a son Jim. He had had him long before either the cat or the garden, and Jim, in his childhood, had been to him much what the garden was now. He had watched and worried over every inch of his development, and it was said in his office that Mr. Malpas could tell you the number of his baby's teeth more readily than he could tell you the day of the month. But as Jim had grown up, Mr. Malpas had gradually begun to feel his parental solicitude becoming proportionately unwelcome. It was then, so we are led to believe, that he bought the garden. As for Methuselah, he had thrust himself quite unasked into his life, thinking perhaps that Mr. Malpas was growing too dignified in his old age.

Anybody watching Mr. Malpas on this frosty December Saturday would have been inclined to say that he stumped round his estate. His steps were indignant; his eyes were indignant; the manner in which he carried his stick clasped in his hands behind his back, his pouted lips, the poise of his hat, all bespoke indignation. And it was not, as one might have suspected, indignation against nature which had turned his garden to a thing of insensible iron, when he had come all the way from London to sit with it and watch over it in its state of winter pregnancy. Nor was it against Methuselah, who lay on his back punching a dead chrysanthemum with all four legs at once, presumably in an effort to keep warm. It was against his son; for Jim, from being an object of agreeable solicitude, had become a care—the only care which followed Mr. Malpas out of town at week-ends. This week-end, Jim had written his father a letter announcing his intention of coming down on Sunday on business, and business always meant the same thing. Mr. Malpas had

paid all the money there was to pay to settle Jim's debts; he had sold all the little odds and ends there were to sell, and now. . . . Mr. Malpas stumped on down the path followed by Methuselah, who made vigorous attacks upon his stick as it bumped against his heels and then, because he was unable to scream with laughter at the tremendous joke, gave vent to his mirth by tearing up the nearest tree.

When he first thought of buying the house and garden, Mr. Malpas had realized that he would be committing a vast extravagance. But when he had determined to indulge his fancy (being of the truly English temperament which will run to any lengths of self-deceit in order to justify its actions to its own conscience), he had made a secret contract with himself by which he was never to regard the little estate as anything but a necessity. But this lie had very soon come to be the truth. Most people smiled when Mr. Malpas and his garden were mentioned, but he had remarked one day to an over-flippant friend: "You see, all this" (waving his hand) "is such a large part of myself that my personal disappearance will be a very insignificant event in my existence," and he had gone on taking plantains out of the lawn with a penknife. Certainly, in all his dealings with Jim he had never allowed himself to consider the place as superfluous. And Mr. Malpas was not going to be daunted by this new thought which had been jabbing at his brain all day: if Jim was coming for more money, he had not got it and he could not make it. As he walked round the garden, he told himself that he'd be damned if he didn't send the boy about his business.

Mr. Malpas stopped for a moment in the orchard. The little pond there was frozen and the sky was grey with snow. It was nearly dark, but it was still light enough to see the wintry yellowness of the grass and the black trees with their trunks silhouetted against the white ice, their branches drawing a faint rhythmic pattern upon the dusky background of the hill beyond. The hard, metallic ground and the soft, swollen sky seemed to be carrying on a battle in the no-man's-land of air which lay between them. Mr. Malpas felt the sting upon his face and wondered if the weight of all the snow which those clouds

contained could penetrate the frosty barrage put up by the terrible enemy beneath him. As he turned and went in to tea, he found himself wishing vaguely and irrelevantly that all wars could be as æsthetically beautiful as this one.

As he sat over his crumpets, Mr. Malpas remembered how he had started by being indulgent with Jim and talking about wild oats. Then he had been angry—but weak. Then he had said, "Positively for the last time," and had felt a shuddering suspicion that Jim was slipping farther and farther from his control and his comprehension; but never, he thought, had he felt so indignant as he felt now, and yet so heavy-hearted.

Mr. Malpas had much time to think as he worked in his garden, and one of the conclusions at which he had arrived after several week-ends was that "Jim was a good boy at bottom." "But oh," said Mr. Malpas the following week-end, "what can I do to bring it to the surface?" And over this problem he had puzzled unsuccessfully ever since. He couldn't understand Jim. He was very fond of the boy, who seemed to resent any feeling on his part; and finding the road by which he would naturally have set out to a good understanding thus closed, Mr. Malpas was at a loss what to do next. No man could do more for his son than give him a good start in life, and this Mr. Malpas had done for Jim. The thought which kept recurring was that he had been too indulgent. And so, "Yes," thought Mr. Malpas, "I have been too indulgent. And if he comes asking for more money tomorrow, I'll send the boy about his business, be damned if I don't."

He went up to his room before dinner. It was a windy night and a gust whirled down the staircase at him, and the door of his bedroom slammed behind him. He went over to the window and shut it carefully before lighting his candles. He groped about on the dressing-table for a box of matches; it seemed very cold up there, coming from the warm fire downstairs; his hands shook as he struck a light and held it jerkily to the wick and watched the two pale flames rise on their two wan stems in an impotent effort to dispel the darkness. He must remember to tell the housekeeper to put the oil stove in his

room tomorrow. Tomorrow—Jim would be coming—tomorrow. A feeling of resentful dread descended on Mr. Malpas at this thought and froze slowly into apathetic misery.

After dinner Mr. Malpas broke faith with himself. He got out his bank-book and began to calculate what he had spent on the garden in the past year. That was rather a big cheque he had sent to the nurseries. It must have been the yew trees for the new hedge—they had come through the drought nicely—and there had been bulbs, too, and that little patch of scillas he had planned under the apple tree on the front lawn—he was very fond of blue, and they would look so well against the daffodils in the border behind; and there had been a lot of trees for the new rose garden. Then what was this? Oh, yes, the motor lawn-mower. Of course, that was an extravagance, but well-mown lawns did make such a difference to the look of a place. Another cheque to the nurseries? Fruit trees and lilies, he thought;—ah, and evening primroses. Evening primroses! Mr. Malpas was back on a summer evening when the soft curves of the hills looked softer in the purple mist, and the rays of the sun seemed to burn the hillside opposite as they slipped down into the valley. It was at such a moment that he had planned to shake off the husk called Mr. Malpas and wander for ever, free and invisible, about his own garden. The bank-book lay open on Mr. Malpas's knees.

He picked it up and shut it gently as the housekeeper came into the room. He saw that she had a telegram in her hand and he sat up bristling all over. It would be from that boy—coming by the late train tonight, probably. Then suddenly the thought occurred to him that perhaps Jim had changed his mind and was not coming at all. In the short space of time which it took for the telegram to make the journey from the doorway to his own hand, Mr. Malpas alternated so many times between visions of carefree week-ends and spasms of resentment that his mind became dizzy, and when at last he had the envelope between his fingers, he opened it very deliberately.

Jim had been drowned skating that afternoon trying to save a girl who had fallen through the ice.

News spreads quickly in a village, and the comments, when once they have come to their slow birth, are irrevocable. "Best thing *'e* ever done in 'is life," was the verdict slowly rolled out over the beer that night. "Or ever likely to 'ave done," came the response.

Mr. Malpas looked out of his window. The moon was like polished marble against the shining rime-covered sky, and the stars like fierce diamonds; and all so fixed and cold that it seemed to be they who were freezing the earth. The wind, which had swept away the clouds, had dropped and the world seemed a motionless image. There were places, he thought, where thaws came swiftly and secretly and pulled the ground from beneath the feet of laughing men and women; but not here. He was frozen with the earth and lay like a pattern carved upon the surface of his garden where the trees and the blades of grass were crystallized too into immutability. Even the night was petrified. Would they lie on, locked in their tiny corner beneath the icy disk of the moon which looked down on them like the meaningless face of a frozen clock, and wait for the thaw, creeping stealthily beneath the rest of the world like the hidden machinery of evolution, to wear its disintegrating way into their captivity and set them free? Or were they only the heart of a snowball which was to gather to itself the millions of men left behind in their gardens, until the whole world became a fossilized exhibit for the rest of the universe? "Oh God," he cried, "let me out, let me out! How could I know that you would choose this moment to make eternity?"

To the Fortunate Islands: A Study in Contrasts

By Arthur Caspersz

"Arva, beata
Petamus arva, divites et insulas."
—*Horace*, "Epod." xvi, 40.

CRUISING in a luxury liner is a very different thing to the voyages of the early navigators in the same waters, but the writer is tempted to tell what they did as his voyage proceeds. Any standard of exact comparison is impossible. We know that they had one oar to one man; but their warships, of which we know a good deal in classical times, were not the ships in which the long voyages were made, and these seem to have been chiefly sail-propelled, carrying cargoes. The Roman corn ships were perhaps 180 ft. long, 30 to 40 ft. deep, with a beam of 30 ft., and St. Paul's ship carried 276 souls; but these were about the size of Nelson's *Victory*, which, again, was twice the size of Columbus's caravel, and the Phœnician ships were far smaller. They sailed when they could, rowed when they must, navigated by the stars in the fair weather season, and lost their ventures and lives pretty often. The Greeks vied with them in daring because colonization was imperative. The mystery is why navigation made so little progress from Roman days down to the great days of Venice—our modern Thomson (Kelvin) compass was introduced as late as 1876. In 1820 our Admiralty compasses are characterized as "mere lumber." Prior to that they had the "shipman's card" of Macbeth's witches, and a floating magnet seems to have been used. The Chinese origin of the compass is mythical. But the triumph of the human spirit over Nature is the same whether expressed in terms of puny shipbuilding or in terms of millions of riveted plates impelled by newly-discovered dynamic forces. So what those ancient mariners did and why they so often placed their commercial cities out of pirate reach and in sheltered waters, this paper may show.

We sailed from Liverpool with 400 passengers and nearly that number of attendants to minister to our wants and whims, and a crew of 250 officers, engineers, and sailors to operate that immense exactly planned structure. So we came past the Scillies and through the Bay to Gibraltar. One thinks of the voyage of Pytheas in the fourth century B.C., who claimed to have circumnavigated Britain. Phœnicians came as far in search of tin to make bronze implements, and successfully opposed the efforts of the Greeks to trade in Southern Spain; and one recalls the story in Herodotus of the Samians who, diverted from Libyan discoveries, found Tartessus more profitable for trade. Tartessus is the region of the Rio Tinto mines, and Huelva was the port from which Columbus sailed.

Our voyage then led along Spanish waters to Monaco, where, after landing and driving over snow-covered Turbia—where Augustus marked the boundary between Italy and France—we came up against Nature's forces. Motoring back from a bitter cold Nice, we found ourselves unable to make the ship, and had to return to comfortable beds on shore. Strabo,* writing before the Christian era, says: "The whole coast from Monôikos to Tyrrhenia is windswept and harbourless except for poor havens and anchorages. Forbidding peaks of mountains overhang, leaving a narrow trackway along the sea." But Tacitus† one hundred years later leads us to suppose that the whole Ligurian coast was civilized and prosperous. This was the work of Julius Cæsar, Augustus, and others, who built Roman roads and organized civilization in France and Spain. That, again, followed upon the long struggle between Carthage and Rome.

We now headed south for the Balearic Isles and anchored in the open roadstead of Palma, where Nature again vetoed our landing. The story of Greek adventure leads through these islands to Hemeroscopion (the watch-tower) on the Spanish shore. Their effort started from the coasts of Asia Minor. They made settlements in Sicily and Southern Italy about the seventh century B.C., struck westwards from Naples in the face of Etruscan and Carthaginian opposition to the Straits of Bonifacio,

* "Strabo," iv, 6 (1–3). † Tacitus "Hist.," ii, 12, 15.

and on to the Balearic Isles and Spain. Isolated attempts carried them, as we have seen, to the pillars of Hercules, but in the end they fell back to Emporion on the Franco-Spanish frontier and Marseilles, where they firmly established themselves and traded far to the north. Archæological work at Hemeroscopion* and elsewhere proves these colonizing activities, and we have the old treaties between Rome and Carthage given by Polybius† which made the western Mediterranean a Carthaginian lake.

At Algiers our captain brought us with difficulty into the harbour; so we saw the old corsair stronghold, and the writer thought of the Litany petition for "all prisoners and captives," and of a church at Toledo where the fetters of rescued Christian slaves are nailed to the walls. The story of pirates and slave-dealers bulks largely in Mediterranean history, and emerges, as we shall see, at places along the African coast. Tangier is one of these, and here we found another open roadstead where an angry swell can work up very quickly. Tangier has its interest, not only as the abandoned dowry of Catherine of Braganza, but as the place which Sertorius, as related by Plutarch,‡ captured after leaving the Fortunate Isles.

And now we made our way to those same Canary Islands forgotten for centuries, but doubtless well known to the Phœnicians, who went as far as the Azores and, no doubt, circumnavigated Africa. Prince Henry, the navigator, rediscovered them in the fifteenth century. The nearest, with suggestive names, lie only sixty miles from the African coast—Fuerte Ventura (we discovered it by chance), Graciosa, and Allegranza of joyful portent. Our port of call was Las Palmas, and we returned later to Teneriffe. Plutarch describes them in recounting the escapades of Sertorius. We will reserve Horace's description for our coming to Teneriffe. Sertorius "was seized with a wonderful passion for these islands. . . ." These are called "'the Islands of the Blest'; rain falls there seldom and in moderate showers, but for the most part they have gentle breezes bringing along with them soft dews which render the soil not only rich for ploughing

* "Greeks in Spain," Carpenter.

† "Carthage," Bosworth-Smith, Chap. I.

‡ Plutarch, "Everyman," vol. ii, pp. 313, 314.

and planting, but so abundantly fruitful that it produces spontaneously an abundance of delicate fruits." *

Very different was the climate of Sierra Leone, a four days' voyage to the south, with a rainfall of 180 in. The trade wind from the north-east cooled us down all the way, that same trade wind which blew Hanno out to sea off Cape Palmas † a bit farther on, whence comes the story of the gorillas, so that he turned back in fear of the unknown, as did another navigator who was crucified by the Persian King on his return. But Africa was circumnavigated (Herodotus is generally thought to have told a true story). They first saw the sun rise on the left hand and afterwards on the right. They took three years to do it, landing in winter and growing a crop for supplies.‡

Freetown is a sweltering place, but the railway into the interior penetrates 200 miles and rises to 4,000 feet. The mosquito sings no more, and white men have lived there many years in good health. But what a bad selection the philanthropists made 140 years ago! Other places, like Bathurst and Accra, along that coast have harbours and a productive hinterland which is being developed now with extraordinary success.

The same observations apply to the French settlements at Dakkar and Casablanca, which we visited on our return voyage. These are models of graceful, efficient town planning. The first will be the great airport of the Southern Atlantic; the second, lying in a more temperate zone, will be a wonderful winter resort. Both are outlets for export and intakes for commercial expansion.

Casablanca may yet rival the Riviera. We drove sixty miles to Rabat-Sale, a new city of 30,000 white people, constructed in the past few years at the back of the old corsair stronghold of Sale. Was not Robinson Crusoe brought into slavery by a "Sally Rover"? All along this coast lie more pirate nests, Mogador, Agadir, and others. The miscreants carried their depredations as far as Ireland and Iceland. The framers of the Litany might well say: "Good Lord, deliver us!"

* Plutarch, "Everyman," vol. ii, pp. 313, 314.
† Herodotus, "Everyman," vol. i, p. 346.
‡ Herodotus, "Everyman," vol. i, pp. 303, 304.

Teneriffe, our next objective, brought us back to classical times, and here Horace* may be quoted. Lamenting the ruin of the civil wars, he takes occasion to advise a voyage. "Let us in happy hours take to shipboard! Are you agreed? Ocean which flows round our world is open to us. Let us seek the blessed fields and the Isles of Wealth." Then he describes them after the manner of Plutarch and concludes: "If you listen to my song, I show you good folk the way of Escape." We on our ship may well congratulate ourselves on our escape from zero weather in England!

Madeira was the last but not least of the Fortunate Islands. It has nothing to compare with the Peak of Teneriffe, except an incomparable seascape from where the funicular railway ends at 3,200 feet. But its amenities are doubtless more attractive than those of the Canaries from the luxury point of view. As regards commerce, the Canaries are banana-land, Madeira sugar-cane country.

Cadiz an exposed, and Lisbon a sheltered, port concluded the series of instructive visits, the former allowing of a visit to Seville, the latter of one to Cintra. But I am forgetting the classical side of my paper, which brings me to other writers who placed the Elysian fields elsewhere.

Homer, writing possibly from Smyrna in the ninth century, refers to the "Elysian fields and the ends of the earth," not to any Atlantic islands. He is probably thinking of the Black Sea, opened out to Greek enterprise by the downfall of Troy, which for centuries had blocked the way. The story is told by Menelaus to Telemachus, who is asking about the return of the Trojan heroes. Menelaus says that Eidothea, the daughter of Proteus, meets him at Pharos in Egypt and tells him how to disguise himself and his companions in foul-smelling sealskins and thus compel old Proteus, who has an attendant train of seals, to tell all he knows. The ruse is successful. Proteus changes his form many times, but at last says: "Ajax is lost, Agamemnon betrayed and slain, Odysseus is in Calypso's arms; but for you, Menelaus, the immortals will send you to the Elysian plain and the utmost ends of earth . . . where life runs smoothly. Snow comes not,

* Horace, "Epod." xvi, 42–66.

nor much rain, or heavy storm. But Ocean ever sends up breaths of clear-voiced zephyrs that men may breathe freely again." So ends the old sea-saga.*

Hesiod, writing from Bœotia a century later, refers to the islands of the blessed, where the heroes have "a living and an abode apart from men. And they live untouched by sorrow on the islands of the blessed along the shore of deep-swirling ocean, happy heroes, for whom the grain-giving earth bears honey-sweet fruit flourishing thrice a year."† This may reflect the half-told tales of Phœnician navigators.

One scholar thinks that Achilles "Lord of Pontus" had opened out its riches to the Greeks, and that hence near the Danube mouths was his Elysium. It is even suggested that our St. Nicholas came from there to Europe and thus hands down, as the patron god of sailors, the old Achilles myth.

Horace‡ transports Æacus—that very just man—to the "Isles of Wealth," explaining that it was Pindar's lyrical efforts in praise of him that plucked him out of the Stygian waters. But Aristophanes in the *Frogs*§ depicts Æacus as a vulgar thief-taker or bailiff. However, he was only ridiculing Pindar and the old dramatists.

Virgil‖ transports his Elysian fields bodily to Italy, and we have that passage of surpassing beauty in the sixth Æneid, where he brings Æneas to speech with his father and recounts the great story of Rome down to the advent of Augustus, who is her national hero. But, apart from his reference to the "seats of the blessed ones where the air is finer and clothes the plains with purple light," a reminiscence of the earlier writers whose works he well knew, we have no reference to Atlantic voyages. Yet the Romans must, as practical men, have gone there.

Our Tennyson, in "Ulysses," puts the old Greek spirit into English verse:

> There lies the port, the vessel puffs her sail,
> There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
> Souls that have toiled and wrought and thought with me,
> 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

* Homer, "Odyssey," iv, 349–568. † Hesiod, Loeb ed., p. 15.
‡ Horace, "Odes," iv, 8 (25–29). § "Everyman," p. 32.
‖ "Æneid," vi, 638–893.

Push off and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the Western stars until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the happy isles
And see the great Achilles whom we knew.

What a clarion-call to emigration! Our ship* can carry 1,500 "settlers." An adventure it still is, but the settler knows that the opportunity awaits him to escape from the hopeless dependence on others to regions where he may breathe fresh air and be a free man again. So I have ventured to put into rhyme this idea, comparing the old opportunities with the new:

The bounds of earth expand; old Ocean's flood
Circles no more with lone, uncharted wave
A geo-centric world; the world we crave
Has spread its limits far in search of food.
And Nature's secrets brought to wondrous birth
By Air and Water and swift Fires of Earth
Feed our desires. No longer Truth's fair shores
Stand barriers to the cheap mechanical flow
Of baser knowledge. Back I fain would go
To the old Greek Spirit which, ashamed to rest
On facile Nothings, bent adventurous oars,
Daring to seek those Islands of the Blest;
Exempt from storm and strife, where weary men
Breathe clear-voiced zephyrs and take heart again.†

* *Duchess of Richmond*, C.P.R.
† Homer, "Odyssey," iv, 567, 568.

The Awakening of Miriam

By W. Gilhespy

BAREFOOTED, in rags, a woman in Mohammedan dress limped painfully along a rough track that skirted the Indian jungle between Naffirganj and the Jhelum river. She carried a bundle on her head and a wailing infant astride her hip, after the manner of Eastern mothers, and was urged to go faster by the man who rode behind her on a donkey.

"I hasten, my lord," she protested wearily. "Oh, let me rest a moment, a little moment! Have pity and let me take a thorn out of my foot; indeed, it is a very cruel thorn, and surely I will go faster when it is removed. Let me feed this babe whose hunger is——"

Her plea was cut short by a blow from a stick.

"Haste thee, O ill-favoured daughter of a lame camel," her master snarled. "Verily it was in mine unlucky hour that I gave a good pony for such an idle she-buffalo as thou art. Haste thee, dawn cometh swiftly and the accursed police are ever on the watch for us; they are——"

"They are here." John Calvert spoke gently, but there was nothing gentle about the fist that caught the bully under the jaw and sent him sprawling.

The police inspector had ridden out to meet a man of the secret police during the hours of darkness, and had been about to remount his horse when he heard the woman's plea and the man's reply. He had been recently transferred from Meeraganj to break up a daring gang of criminals, and now, though he did not know it, stood over one of the leaders.

"Take the thorn out of thy woman's foot," he drawled, and brought his riding whip smartly down on the brute's shoulders. "Take it out swiftly, O son of a mangy jackal. Is there a drinking vessel in the bundle? Then bring water from the well in the grove behind me while she feedeth the child. Swiftly—swiftly—swiftly." Each sharp injunction was accompanied by a stinging cut from the whalebone riding whip.

"Give her to drink. More water—swiftly. Now wash her feet and take out the thorn. Show it to me. Hold thou the child while she doth mount the ass. Give the

little one to her. Take the bundle on thy vile head and—march." The shrinking bully marched.

"He thought of my little one, my little, little one," the woman pondered as she rode, and a slow smile transfigured her careworn features, almost repulsive under the stamp of hopeless brooding, and despair too deep for her dull mind to plumb.

"He thought of my unwashed babe in dirty rags, my little one who wept with hunger. He thought of me—even of *me*. He bade that vile one let me rest and give me water to drink; he bade him wash my feet! Ho! Ho! He washed my feet—he washed my feet! And now he must walk while I ride! While the life beats in his evil heart the shame of this walking shall sear his dark soul. Ho! Ho! *He* must walk whilst *I* ride!"

Not even the breath of a laugh had betrayed her thoughts, but, as though he read them, the tyrant turned on her such a look of baleful malignity as, a few minutes before, would have made her cringe before the expected blow. But, between the dark and the dawn, a miracle had happened. A woman had found her soul.

"He beat me," the tyrant whined when the thieves had assembled, and those who had heard of his discomfiture jibed at him. "That white-faced devil beat me without mercy. His hand fell on my face as would the hammer of a smith. But that the she-jackal doth suckle my child I would slay her for that she saw my shame."

"Peace," the master of the gang purred, and there was instant silence. "Peace. Let there be no talk of slaying till I give the word; the white devil who beat Nabbi Bux is within a stone's throw of where we sit."

It was true. Harried by Calvert's picked men, well knowing that the white man was drawing his net closer each day, Chandoomull's daring had equalled his cunning; he had bidden the gang meet during the hours of darkness in a hut close to the police headquarters in Naffirganj!

"Peace," he continued in silky tones. "He who shamed thee will shame no more of my followers. Send thy woman away that we may talk."

Miriam put away the dishes from which the thieves had eaten, took her sleeping baby in her arms, and left the hut at her master's command. Ordinarily she would have been too weary and dispirited to care what those

criminals planned; now the vague threat concerning Calvert aroused both interest and apprehension. Noiselessly she returned to the room where she had cooked the thieves' food and listened. She held her breath and her sinews tensed with dread and indignation as the arch-criminal unfolded his plan to kill the police inspector.

"Nay, not that, master," she heard a thief plead hoarsely. "Not *that*. Slay him and there will come other white hunters who will never leave the trail till we all swing at the end of a rope. Surely, master, one white hunter is enough."

"More than enough," was the slow, mocking answer, "therefore he shall die. But say on; is it not our custom to settle these matters so that all are satisfied?"

The listener choked down a sob and felt as though her limbs would never again obey her will. Suddenly her newly-awakened power of thought had taught her what those dolts had never learnt. The master-thief would certainly discuss his plans with those who obeyed his slightest word, but none of them would ever know that they would think and decide as the master mind willed them.

"Hearken," he said after others had spoken, and there was a subtle blending of persuasion and authority in his tones. "This white dog who hath come to hunt us must be sent to hunt in hell. Such as he are no hunters, but they have the power to make others hunt without fear and without rest. Those who ate from our hands and slept whilst we plundered are now like hounds who fear the whip; they dare no longer warn us. Our friends are now our foes; the dull-witted peasants who once paid us to protect them from the thieves beyond the river now defy us to lift their cattle. We dare not go back to our old haunts; if we go elsewhere we are doomed. Doth not the gallows await three of us? Either *he* dies or *we* die. I have spoken."

"Rest ye," he continued with drawling scorn, and all except the most hardened cut-throats winced under the lash of his smooth tongue. "Rest ye and fear not. *I* strike swiftly and I—*I* leave no trail. What? Thought ye I should send one of ye tremblers to do *this* killing? Wah! This is work for *my* hand. Give heed."

Unconsciously they drew closer and held their breath,

awed by the depth of the master's daring and cunning, even the least hardened feeling a glow of admiration for his subtlety. There was a murmur of assent when he concluded; they were convinced that Chandoomull's plans would secure the safety of the gang and throw damning suspicion on a hated rival.

Miriam, unable to bear more, stole softly out into the night. While she had listened to that cool, confident, authoritative voice, she had felt stifled; now the soft night air calmed her and the rustling leaves whispered soothingly.

For the first time in her ten years of abominable slavery her untrained mind was beginning to work fiercely, tumultuously, dull resignation giving place to savage resolution.

Yet she could think of no plan to save the man who had sprung out of the morning mist to pity and help; she could neither think clearly nor could she have followed out a plan had one been laid before her.

She had been stolen from her boy husband in far-off Rajputana when she was only fourteen years old. Like untold thousands who are abducted from that priest-ridden, poverty-stricken land, she had been passed from hand to hand in the well-organized chain of traffickers till she was a thousand miles from her home. Such women generally spend sheltered lives in a harem, but Miriam had been sold by one criminal to another, very much as they bartered their booty for anything they desired. Of her six children one had died in her arms while she fled with the thief who then owned her, the police hot on their trail. Three boys had been retained by their fathers when they bartered her; one little girl had, she believed, been thrown in the river, and the sixth lay in her tired arms.

Less than twenty-four hours before the knowledge that she would soon lose this one also had been hers, but had failed to raise her from the pit of despair into which she had been crushed. Nabbi Bux had made no secret of his intentions of getting rid of her, nor of his having killed another "wife" who had refused to be parted from the child she had borne him. Miriam had no illusions.

"My little one," she crooned, and the myriad sounds

of the Indian night murmured a lullaby. "He thought of thee, that stranger whom they have doomed to death, he who is strong and fair and doth strike like the lightning; he who hath the courage of a lion yet had pity for a wailing babe and for a mother whose heart was shrivelled with dread. Shall they slay *him*? Shall they snatch *thee* from thy mother's arms and throw her to the crocodiles?"

She groped in her untutored mind for a plan by which she could save this white stranger who had won her passionate admiration and aroused the purest emotion that can stir the human heart—the mother passion to protect. She was still groping and still battling against weariness when Nabbi Bux hailed her and curtly bade her prepare food for the thieves who must be gone before dawn.

When only Nabbi Bux remained, the leader went into minute details as to the grim work that lay before them, nor knew that Miriam was listening intently. Still her slow mind could form no plan; she knew that the gallows awaited both Chandoomull and Nabbi Bux, but feared to inform the police. The little she knew she had learned during her enforced association with thieves, and had imbibed a lively dread of the police and their methods; they might detain her, force her to stand in the witness-box—they might even separate her from her child.

When daylight came Nabbi Bux again called her, and she saw Chandoomull take money from a well-filled leathern bag.

"Bid thy woman bring rice and mutton from the bazaar," he ordered, "also sweetmeats and fruit."

Miriam did her shopping boldly, demanding the best of everything and haggling over the price; she had begun to shake off her fears, and there was a new light in her eye. Still she had formed no plan, but she had the Oriental's abiding faith in kismet.

The assassins were asleep when she returned from the bazaar, for they had been awake all night. She nursed her baby and put him to sleep before she went to the well for water. She stepped aside as she heard hoof-beats on the hard sand and Calvert rode past on a chestnut arab.

"Kismet! It is kismet!" she breathed awed by the sudden knowledge that kismet had indeed shown her a way. Her *chuddar* had caught on a dhatura bush and the seeds were ripe! She lowered her water *chatti* to the ground and disentangled the garment, tying two rough seed burrs in it before she went on her way.

Kismet! The man she yearned to save and the deadly drug under her hand! The men who had planned *his* death at her mercy! She knew how to use those seeds, for Nabbi Bux had taught her. Now they would set his feet on that road whose end is at the foot of the gallows tree!

The other murderer had provided the money with which to buy sweetmeats, great balls of finely powdered pulse, sugar, cream, and aromatic spices, used as food by those who could afford them, often as vehicles for the stupifying drug when the gang had planned to rob travellers.

She pounded the seeds and mixed them with the sweetmeats, then prepared the mutton, curry and rice. Both men ate heartily when she awoke them, smoked and slept again. From beneath the arch-thief's bedding she took the money-bag and went to the fair. Thousands had come to Naffirganj by road and rail; dealers were displaying their wares on stalls, and Miriam bought clothing for herself and baby.

Evening saw the conspirators picking with eager, restless fingers at anything within their reach, the light of insanity in their eyes.

"Kismet is just," the woman said calmly, and felt no compunction. She knew that the two would be unable to think or speak coherently for two or three days, and that, before consciousness fully returned, they would wander aimlessly until recognized and arrested. Before then she would be far away from British India, for the leathern bag contained wealth beyond her needs.

As the train crawled through desert wastes, and she listened once more to the tongue of her early days, the conspirators lay in hospital under a strong police guard. Calvert, carefully scanning the recorded evidence, never guessed that contemplation of his chivalry had given life and hope to a hopeless woman. Nor will he ever know that she sent those two men to death that he might live.

The Cry of the Dead

By Kenneth Ashley

REPROACHFUL voices cry in me
  Of wistful folk long dead—
Year in, year out, incessantly,
  A-field, at board and bed—

I hear their pitiful cry,
Their iterant " I, I, I,
I once walked beneath the sky,
  I once lived who am dead—

" I built this house you're living in—
  And I, I sinned your darling sin—
  And my steps wore these flagstones thin—
  Ere you were born and bred.

" On summer mornings long ago,
On winter mornings in the snow,
Here and here we used to go,
  Where you go in our stead—

" Each haunt of yours we did frequent
Ere death sent us to banishment,
And eager feet did yours prevent
  In every path you tread.

" The stocks and stones as you pass by
Of our handswork testify,
And all your groves and altars high
  Our prayers have hallowèd.

" Life may be full of grief and pain
But yet we would come back again
To go once more in shine or rain
  About garth and homestead.

THE CRY OF THE DEAD

"For life and love are very dear,
And O, so much lies buried here!
And you who live are very near
As you go overhead—

"Cannot you revoke for us
This doom that Death hath spoke for us,
Cannot you evoke for us
The life that once we led?"

But I who hear that wistful cry
Hear my own mortal heart reply
In echoing answer "I, I, I,
I, too, shall soon lie dead—

"O, vanished folk, call not on me!
For I in turn so soon shall be
One of the great majority
Whom Death hath plunderèd—

"And, being gone, none come again,
To ride to market or to fane,
To till a field or harvest grain,
Or lie in marriage bed—

"For Time and Death are unforgiving
And we who live live in misgiving,
For us the dead are always living,
And the quick already dead."

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

THE MODERN NOVEL

"HELLO, Sar'nt," said Heddle, as Sergeant Murphy entered the bar parlour with a book under his arm. "Haven't seen you for weeks."

"You have not," replied Sergeant Murphy. "I've been on the broad of me back for over a fortnight with a timperachoor like Hammond's scores in Austhralia."

"Flu?"

"The docthor called it that, but I've a sthronger name for it. Annyhow I've been long enough in hot storage for me to read the whole of the fiction department of Digby's Library. Another two days of it and I'd have been down to the sermons and reminiscences of the Great War. But the crisis came in time to save me."

"A lot of reading like that must be good," said Heddle. "Teaches you something."

"It does that," said the Sergeant. "I've been learnin' things I was too old to know before. You don't read modern novels, do you? Sure I know you don't. When you want a thrill from a book you fetch out 'Ruff's Guide to the Turf' or 'Charles Peace as I Knew Him.' Maybe you're right. You're a grown man of forty-five or so—and ugly at that, but I bet you haven't the taste to appreciate the novels that anny flapper of today can turn out with wan hand tied behind her back. They're of no intherest to a person that hasn't got a mind like a Constantinople garbage bin."

"As bad as that?"

"Every bit of it, Heddle. There was wan novel among the bunch that came to me, and I couldn't, in common decency, have it read aloud to a convintion of tomcats. The S.P.C.A. (Morality Section) would have been on me thrack. In the inset of the book was a picture of the gifted girl that wrote it, and I never want to see a more angelic face. She looked no more than eighteen."

"You'd wonder her mother let her write a book like that," said Heddle.

"It wasn't her first book, either. On the back of the paper cover was a mintion of two others she had written, and exthracts from what the critics had said about them in the big daily papers. 'A bowld effort to find a solution for wan of the gravest problems of our times. . . . A fearless handlin' of a difficult theme. . . . Her frankness is remarkable. She does not mince her words. . . .' Nothin' could be thruer, Heddle, than the last compliment. Her language here and there would stagger a wet canteen on pay day.

"It shows you the advantages of modern education whin a slip of a girl can write books like that. They must be taught things in High School that their grandmothers never learnt unless they qualified as docthors."

"You'd think," said Heddle, "that those critic chaps would know better. Why do they want to say a good word about books like those?"

"If you knew the book-reviewers, as they call thimselves, on our staff, Heddle," said the Sergeant, "you'd understand. They're beyond middle age—respectable married min addicted to bulb-rearin' and the like. They'd as soon think of bringin' a live snake home as wan of thim books. But they're afraid of speakin' their mind about thim, for fear of bein' called Victorian. In literary circles you can call a man an anarchist and he'll take it as a complimint, but call him Victorian and his coat's off before the words are out of your mouth. So the reviewers give the darin' books a boost, tell the public what to expect from thim, and the next day there's a procession of the feeble-minded of both sexes, four deep, to the circulatin' libraries.

"Or, if the story is so terribly bad that there's a likelihood of the police prosecutin' the publisher, the newspaper calls on some vinerable sob-merchant to write a sermon denouncin' the book as likely to corrupt the youth of England. And to make it clear that he means what he says, he selects the bluest passages and quotes thim in heavy black type.

"Annyhow, after a dose of thim novels, I've gone and bought 'Female Assassins of the Seventeenth Cintury.' I want to give me mind a breath of fresh air."

Two English Song-Writers: Roger Quilter and Cyril Scott

By Hermon Ould

MR. ROGER QUILTER was born in 1877; Mr. Cyril Scott in 1879. At first blush, the association of these two composers may seem incongruous. Mr. Scott's name may awaken memories of venturesomeness and experiment, antagonisms and derision. One may recall a concert at Queen's Hall when one of his pieces was played twice in an evening because one hearing was judged inadequate for its understanding. Mr. Quilter can never have aroused antagonism, his work can never have inspired derision, and venturesomeness has never been one of his qualities. And yet these two song-writers have points of contact which make it profitable to deal with them in a single article.

They are contemporaries almost to a year; their early training was similar; they were both students in Frankfort under Ivan Knorr at the same time, and one of Mr. Scott's early songs, "Dairy Song" (op. 5), is dedicated to Mr. Quilter. For a few years their songs were not in a markedly different idiom, but it was not long before the younger man split off from the path of traditional evolution, leaving his colleague to develop upon more conventional lines. What it is important to observe is that —unlike most serious composers of their generation— they both devoted a considerable portion of their time to writing songs aimed at the general public; that both of them achieved no little popularity, and that, although they have not always written at the height of their best, they have never fallen below a certain artistic level. In the unregretted days when ballad-concerts were the chief expression of musical England, it was always a relief to find the names of Roger Quilter or Cyril Scott as an oasis in a desert of Stephen Adamses. If he had no other claim to remembrance, Mr. Quilter should be remembered for having induced a public soddened by pathetic ballads to listen to songs written with sound musicianship and an artistic conscience.

His first "Four Songs" (op. 2) were written to German words by Friedrich Bodenstedt. They show no great individuality, but have the grace which is rarely absent

from his work. The German influence is unmistakable, and was a doubtless inevitable result of his German training. "Neig' Schöne Knospe dich zu mir," "Die Helle Sonne leuchtet," and "Ich fühle deinen Odem" would not be out of place in a book of German songs by such composers as Jensen, Cornelius, or even Franz. They have musicianship, but give no hint of an original gift on the brink of expression. With his next group, however, came a song which is probably as well known as any song of its period—"Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" (Tennyson). Why this particular song rather than another should have been singled out by common consent as Mr. Quilter's best song it is not easy to say. It may be simply a case of priority, as it is probably the first English "art" song which made a definite appeal to the public's love of a tune. A public used to the commonplace rhythms and obvious harmonies of ballads which exploited dead and dying infants suddenly found itself able to appreciate a song which did not truckle to its morbid taste, which actually employed a rhythm alternating three-four with five-four time—a revolutionary practice for those days—and in which the accompaniment was related organically to the melody. Looking at the song in 1929, we may charge it with being sentimental, but we must acquit it of insincerity, and must admit that within its limits it is a well-planned piece of work, honestly conceived and economically expressed, and bearing the first indications of the gracious idiom which is present in most of Mr. Quilter's best work. "Love's Philosophy," in the same group, does not make so definite a departure, the German Lieder-writers' sway still prevailing. Other ballads followed, "June" being one of the most popular. There are signs of adulteration here which bespeak a knowledge of ballad-concert audiences—not that it is meretricious. "At Close of Day," dating from the preceding year, is intrinsically more interesting.

Glancing at "Four Child Songs"—simple, unaffected settings of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse"—we pass on to his most famous work—the "Three Shakespeare Songs," which set a new standard in the musical arrangement of Shakespeare's lyrics. Purists in theatrical production might prefer the music of the period when available, but those less squeamish welcomed Mr. Quilter's attractive settings with joy. Here was no attempt to

ape the idiom of the lutenists or fob off modern music as Elizabethan, but an honest effort to give musical expression to Shakespeare's words in an idiom natural to the composer. "O Mistress Mine" is particularly successful. The melody has individuality; fits the words like a glove (but for one pardonable repetition); and is excellently adapted to the voice. It has not the austerity and inevitability of the contemporary setting, but it can stand side by side with any of the subsequent arrangements. "Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind" challenges comparison with Arne's arrangement, but if we can dismiss that from our thoughts, we shall find a lot to be said for Mr. Quilter's. "Come Away, Death," too, has his characteristic grace and flow, and its attractiveness cannot be gainsaid. Singers find it grateful and hearers pleasure in it; but Mr. Quilter is probably not the man to sound the depths of emotion plumbed by Shakespeare's words.

Many years later, Mr. Quilter returned to Shakespeare and issued a second set of "Five Shakespeare Songs." The popularity and the novelty of the first set probably militated against the success of these. The intervening fifteen years or so added to his equipment; he shows a greater variety of rhythms and has developed a facility in decoration, and although the more extreme symptoms of modernism have left him untouched, there are signs that he is not unaware of them. "Fear no More the Heat o' the Sun" is probably the most interesting of the five, both rhythmically and harmonically. The change of key and the modulations which lead to the quiet ending are impressive, and if we are again aware of a failure to touch the deeper layers of emotion, let us accept this as one of our composer's limitations and not seek it in his work. Melancholy, sentiment that stops short of sentimentality, liveliness which stops short of swashbuckling—these he can express delightfully, and the expression of the more artificial fancies comes easily to him.

Herrick, for instance, is a poet after his own heart, and "To Julia" one of his happiest song-cycles. "To Daisies" comes in the same category as "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal," just missing sentimentality and achieving the quality known as popular appeal. It has nothing like as much musical interest as the lively "Cherry Ripe," which brings the cycle to an end, nor the harmonic

interest of "Julia's Hair," which is one of the few signs Mr. Quilter has given of being interested in modern harmony. (It recalls rather vividly a Prelude by Mr. Balfour Gardiner.) The "Seven Elizabethan Lyrics" offer him similar scope, and the "Songs of Sorrow," with Ernest Dowson's words, reveal a capacity for expressing the twilight sadness of the eighteen-nineties in flowing and carefully-wrought phrases. Of his further songs it is impossible here to mention more than a few—among the more ambitious in recent years being "Three Songs of William Blake," "Three Pastoral Songs," and the six songs, op. 25, which include "An Old Carol" ("I sing of a maiden that is matchless")—a charming setting. A little more acidity, a little less sweetness, a more careful eye on his mannerisms, and Mr. Quilter would have given us even more significant work than he has.

Mr. Cyril Scott's songs, unlike Mr. Quilter's, are but a small part of his contribution to modern music, but they are scarcely less plentiful. I have heard Mr. Scott spoken of in Germany as an English Debussy, the implication being that an English composer must necessarily resemble some other composer. But the comparison is not especially apt. Like Debussy, Mr. Scott is an experimenter; like him, he sometimes employs the tonal scale (but he also employs other scales); and both composers have sometimes been more interested in the means than in the end. But the points of difference are much greater. Debussy has a much stronger sensuous appeal than Mr. Scott; his idiom is much more definite and less varied. The range of his interests is much more restricted. Mr. Scott—I speak here only of his songs—beginning with a handful couched in a traditional medium, passed on to harmonic and rhythmic experiments which lend interest to all his work. Charm and fluency mark the earlier songs, and as early as 1903, in "A Last Word" (Dowson's words) there are signs of an original approach. "The Time I've Lost in Wooing" (1904) breaks no new ground, but is a very well-knit and attractive song and an early example of an accompaniment figure interesting for its own sake.

Although none of the songs I have seen reveals anything less than competency in workmanship, some can have given the composer no great pleasure and probably had no aim beyond boiling the pot. As pot-boilers they

are excellent, but they need not detain us. "A Song of London" does not come within this category. Its vigorous accompaniment and the unexpected intervals in the melody are stimulating, and it is only some time afterwards that one asks oneself why that particular accompaniment was chosen to go with that particular poem and decides that it was intended to express the noise of London. Less ambiguous are the oft-repeated blackbird notes of "Blackbird's Song"—which singers must delight in.

Ernest Dowson has given the inspiration for some of Mr. Scott's happiest songs. There is charm and neatness in "And so I made a Villanelle," and "Pierrot and the Moon Maiden" is exquisite in the same degree as the poem itself. Many other delightful songs—sometimes daring in harmony and hinting at a disregard of conventional time-signatures—appeared in 1913, of which "Nocturne," "Spring Song," "Night Song," and the popular "Little Bells of Sevilla" can only be named in passing.

The next landmark is the group of five songs called "Songs of Old Cathay." The intricacy of texture which Mr. Scott had been introducing into his larger works was here echoed. One has the impression that ordinary notation was inadequate to convey the ideas he wished to express. Notes burst tumultuously from keys which seek to restrain them; the words are added as a sort of obligato to a musical scheme which appears to have an existence of its own. The poems are Chinese and this fantastically wrought music does not strike us as incongruous. How does the same individualism consort with Western words? Judging by the few specimens I have seen, very well. "The Ballad of Fair Helen"—as Western a poem as one could wish for—yields readily to the unusual harmonic treatment; the setting is melodious, dramatic, and moving. "Have ye seen him pass by?" (from "Tyl Ulenspiegel"), less venturesome in harmony, but certainly not conventional, is also a vigorous and exciting piece of work; and the last song on my list, "A March Requiem" (which does, curiously enough, recall Debussy), is restrained and at the same time highly emotional.

Mr. Scott, like Mr. Quilter, is over-facile. He has left us to do the gleaning. But the labour involved in selecting the good from the less good is rewarded by a number of very fine songs.

The Gospel according to the Dramatists

By Horace Shipp

The Rumour. By C. K. Munro. (Court Theatre.)
Major Barbara. By Bernard Shaw. (Wyndham's Theatre.)
The Pleasure Garden. By Beatrice Mayor. (Everyman Theatre.)
The Berg. By Ernest Raymond. (His Majesty's Theatre.)

THOSE of us who find thinking as entertaining as vicarious crime or adultery have comparatively little cause to complain of the London theatre at the moment. It is possible to point out a dozen plays of a status above the contemptible—plays which pose some problem of greater social import than Who Left the Corpse on the Mat? or Should She have Sinned?—plays which examine in terms of the theatre the philosophies of life which lie behind our conduct as individuals or as groups. Nor need we take fright concerning our amusement. *The Rumour* has passages of satire so delightful that the theatre is rippling with mirth; Miss Sybil Thorndike at a luncheon in the House of Commons stated that she had received letters of complaint of the time taken up by the laughter of the audience in *Major Barbara*; *The Pleasure Garden* is full of humour in its Capek-esque study of human activities through the eyes of a student of the natural history of crustacea. The philosophic conclusions of these pieces may be spiritually devastating, but their expression has its full share of amusement. On the other hand, Mr. Raymond's play with its disaster set in a roseate glow of Browning optimism moves the audience to tears rather than laughter: it wins out by sincerity of feeling.

The Rumour is a study of the economic forces, the organization of fear and hatred, the mob passion, which lie behind war, and behind the subsequent peace treaties. It is special pleading, but special pleading of a high order, and very good drama. Throughout a series of quick scenes we watch the rumour grow, see it react upon the untrained minds of the people, turn every incident and accident in its path to the purpose for which it was launched, blaze into violence and war, and die out in a peace of smouldering hatreds. Satirical and cynical, *The Rumour* is a challenge to idealists. Loki is the master

of its world. Goodness is everywhere weak, and self-seeking powerful. Ernst Toller preached the same defeatist doctrine in his play *Hoppla*, which we have just seen in London at the Gate Theatre, and Shaw in *Major Barbara* finds it difficult to escape this conclusion.

Major Barbara discusses the problem thoroughly. The opposition of Andrew Undershaft's gospel of money and gunpowder to the Salvation Army's gospel of love and sacrifice makes a magnificent play. At which altar shall men save their souls? Major Barbara herself leaves the Salvation Army when she realizes that its work depends upon the money which comes from the treasury of the distiller and the armourer. Bill Walker, whose salvation is a test case, turns his back on that salvation when he glimpses the materialism upon which it is built. Charles Lomax, the Hellenist, demanding of existence love, power, and spiritual expression, points the conclusion. There is this hint at the end of the play: that by a combination of the materialistic security of Undershaft's philosophy, and of Major Barbara's passion for souls, brought together by the Greek understanding of the needs of the healthy mind in the healthy body, these diversities can be reconciled.

The last act tends to become a trifle too frankly a study in dialectics, but for the rest this play is Shaw at his brightest. The scene in the Salvation Army shelter is magnificent. Miss Sybil Thorndike as Major Barbara gives a characteristic performance; but, watching this production, one realizes that Shaw's sense of the theatre presents every character in the round, and there are first-rate performances by Baliol Holloway as Undershaft, by Lewis Casson as Adolphus Cusins, and by a quartette consisting of Harold Scott, Clare Greet, Wilfred Shine, and Gordon Harker as the Cockneys of the shelter scene. Mr. Scott's feigned godliness and his appropriation of Bill Walker's conscience money were excellent. It is promising that the public are giving this play such a welcome.

If theatre-goers deserve a mark of confidence here, however, they lose it for their reception of *The Pleasure Garden*, which, before these notes are printed, will inevitably be withdrawn. Is it that they cannot be induced to make a journey in search of a worth-while play, or is it that they must have star actors and actresses, and that

the writing of this piece has no star part, being a quiet study of the average activities of a chance collection of people one sunny day in a park? Like *The Rumour*, like *Journey's End*, it was introduced to us by The Stage Society, and it has charm, humour, insight, beauty, and unflagging interest. It is exactly the type of play we look for from the Everyman Theatre, and deserved better treatment from the playgoing public.

The Berg, on the other hand, seems to have met with an immediate success when it was tried out at Kew. The critics were universal in their praise and the public made the devious journey thither to see it, whereupon it came to no less a theatre than His Majesty's and promises to give its author the success with his first play which he achieved with the writing of *Tell England*, his first book. For its characterization, its quietist carrying out of an idea which would have tempted almost any author to melodrama, and, above all, for its absolute sincerity, *The Berg* deserves this success. Its philosophy, let it be admitted, is unlikely to satisfy anyone who thinks more deeply than the axioms which challenge our sense of logic from the placards of The Wayside Pulpit; but since this optimistic Christian Theism does, in fact, satisfy the theological and philosophic yearnings of millions, it will probably stand the play in better stead than some more logical creed. Nor need we be scornful, for whatever basis of metaphysics it has, its empirical morality of courage, decency, helpfulness, faith in "somehow good," and general exhortation to play the game is not to be despised as a working basis of conduct. We would rather have the drama of courage than of cocktails, and Mr. Raymond's characters are at least as true to human nature as the vicious set with whom Mr. Lonsdale would point his unedifying conclusion in *Aren't we All?* Godfrey Tearle, braving life out from an invalid chair, gives a remarkable performance. Once, in the first act, a lengthy discussion between him and the Padre threatened to spoil the play by holding up the action too long, but for the rest Mr. Raymond's writing seems to have helped the cast to give a smooth and entirely convincing performance. Once again sincerity proves itself to be akin to beauty, and one would need to be very cynical to escape its claims in *The Berg*.

Books

ADVENTURE

ON WANDERING WHEELS: THROUGH ROADSIDE CAMPS FROM MAINE TO GEORGIA IN AN OLD SEDAN CHAIR. By JAN and CORA GORDON. Illustrated by the Authors. Lane. 12s. 6d.

THIS is, we learn with great regret, the last of the delightful travel-books the Gordons are likely to give us. The doctor has intervened, and the travellers will seek no more adventures far afield. In the States, as usual, they get right into the heart of things, living with people who are never observed by lecturers and tourists. They explain that America is really romantic and does not produce "only realtors of the Babbitt kind living in Zeniths and Main Streets." The America they have seen is not only a mass of advertisement and painful exhibitionism: it is a strange world of old and new in which kindly, homely living and leisurely beauty are still possible. A girl evangelist can preach at fifteen years old, but quilt designing can still be a good folk-art, and a young negress drawing from an ordinary model can make a distorted reminiscence like a piece of Congo sculpture.

They start with the crowded amusements of Coney Island, where they discover an old Syrian sheik with a musical instrument no one else would know, report vivid talk and advertisements, and philosophize on the scene. They proceed to buy an old battered car, to surprise the snobbish and get their best impressions out of camping grounds and negroes great on singing and religion. Mr. Gordon even figured—for the first and last time, I imagine—in a pulpit and talked about music to a coloured congregation. Their affability, with music and drawing to back it, brings them everywhere the confidence of their latest friends, sometimes wanderers like themselves. Real, unguarded talk is wonderfully reproduced, and they smuggle themselves into a meeting of the ridiculous but formidable Ku Klux Klan. They always come out smiling, but it is easy to see that some adventures amusing in retrospect were uncomfortable to go through. The result is excellent in print, an unusual collation, like the dish of "Gordon's palates" which won Johnson's warm praise in Scotland. Wherever they may be, they can produce a book well worth reading, for they are the Boswells of Bohemia, that universal country where artists live and flout the world.

The little pictures in black and white hit off many odd characters and include a "Show Boat" of actors on a river. The frontispiece in colours of "Corn Harvest in New Jersey" is full of country peace without a single motor-car or advertisement. I hope such spellings as "somber" and "maneuvers" are merely temporary tributes to American saturation. V. R.

BOOKS

When Fur was King. By Henry John Moberly and W. B. Cameron. Dent. 10s. 6d.

The great Hudson Bay Company, whose charter goes back to Charles II, secured and held against all opposition the Canadian North-West, and here are the reminiscences of a wonderful veteran who did much to develop the country. Mr. Moberly started working for the Company as long ago as 1854, and—the introduction tells us—is still living at ninety-three, walking and talking, and even dancing on occasion. His stories of Indians, hunting, and travels under difficult conditions are full of striking things.

Two of the Indian tribes with whom he was concerned were at feud, and Jamaica rum well above proof as a medium of exchange was unduly exciting. Mr. Moberly, however, was equal to anything, became "blood brother" to more than one Indian chief, and was sent to places where an inefficient rule had caused trouble or short rations. He could always manage men, and his courage is shown by his rule of getting within six feet of a grizzly and making it rear up before attempting to shoot it. If he missed, he had no chance of getting away.

The map at the beginning shows the immense tract of ground Mr. Moberly has covered, and the Moberly places indicate his own name and that of his brother, another pioneer. The changes in fifty or sixty years are remarkable. The buffalo for the most part is no more, but land is ever being reclaimed from its wild state and the farmer goes farther north. The Indians, of whose bravery and cunning Mr. Cameron tells some good stories, are being crowded out. The story in chapter 21, of the survival of a woman, the last relic of her small tribe, the Snake Indians, shows what fortitude and resource can do. The loss of picturesque names is a pity, for their modern substitutes are seldom attractive. "Made-beaver," used as a standard of currency, is, we suppose, the skin cured, and the "vermilion" is part of the mineral wealth of the country. There should have been an index.

POETRY AND POETS

John Donne, Complete Poetry and Selected Prose. Edited by John Hayward. The Nonesuch Press. 8s. 6d.

How many John Donnes were there? The passionate and outspoken love poet; the court poet; the writer of epistles; the sacred verse writer; the paradoxical journalist; the divine whose sermons were such a strange mixture of moral exhortation and intellectualism: all these made the man and the writer. He has never been given his full place in English literature. We have

tended to dismiss him as a metaphysical poet striving after exotic images and torturing language to express ideas. In truth, his was the type of mind to which reality and abstract idea presented itself incarnate in the strange images he used. No poet (if one speaks of the earlier passionate poems) has less of stress. Later, when he renounced the ways of the heart for those of religion, there is an element of cold intellectualism and the vanity of words, and the poet is nearly lost to the prosodist. We read these poems for the scintillation of form and language.

This Nonesuch Press edition, beautifully printed and extending to 800 pages, should help to give Donne his due. The sermons and so-called Paradoxes and Problemes show this early Dean of St. Paul's in pessimistic kinship to his modern successor, and this selection from the large body of his prose writing gives us all we need to sample its peculiar quality; whilst the possession of the whole of his poems brings to hand what is really important in his work. This is a scholarly and well-edited edition which does great credit to its publishers.

THE QUILL LIBRARY. THE LETTERS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Selected, with an Introduction by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. Lane. 6s.

NEVER was there so strange a being, even among the poets, as Shelley, and his letters are bound to be interesting. Mr. Johnson has supplied a good outline of his life in the Introduction, and told us what can fairly be said for conduct which wins in turn our disgust and our admiration. The selection of letters is well designed to show the genius for friendship, the admirable eye for travel impressions, and the wild reformer, who thought of man as "tribeless and nationless." One thing the letters lack to keep them out of the highest class, and that is an adequate sense of humour. There is no fun here at all, except concerning Mr. Gisborne's "quite Slawkenbergian" nose. It was to this friend, we may add, that Shelley wrote one of his most ingenious justifications :—

> Some of us have, in a prior existence, been in love with Antigone, and that makes us find no full content in any mortal tie.

So one feminine ideal succeeded another. Shelley, as Mr. Johnson says, was always ready to idealize. A few more notes might have been supplied—e.g. for a word like "hupaithric."

THE DEFENCE OF POESIE. By SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Noel Douglas. 5s.

THIS replica of a book published in 1595 by a leading Elizabethan bookseller is a pretty thing and a challenge to our

own choice printers. There is a gain in the occasional use of italics for proper names and important matters, and the whole page looks well; but the words are not sufficiently spaced and sometimes, indeed, run together. Greek contractions are not easy for the average scholar of today; but English abbreviations of words such as are used here, when they are obvious, have much to be said for them.

The matter of the book is, on the whole, disappointing. Sidney had little good contemporary poetry or drama to refer to, so he went back to Greek and Latin and old pedantries which Shakespeare was to alter. He viewed the poet mainly as a moralist to be compared with the philosopher and the historian. But he shows signs of understanding that poets are the creators who move us most and so, as Shelley claimed in his "Defence of Poetry," rank as "the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

FICTION AND A CRITIC

EXPIATION. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

MILLY was a wife among the rich, suburban Botts, and she was forty-five, pillowy and comfortable when her husband died and left her in his will, out of all his money, only a thousand pounds. He added, too, that she knew why. Alas! there was another man, a 'Varsity tutor, though by this time he talked less of his love than of his colds, and Milly, full of her disgrace, fled from the Botts. Here her expiation began, and it was, indeed, a heavy one, full of ironic and deadly surprises.

The story is told as only "Elizabeth" can tell it, and the familiar touches of humour and insight make it both wise and delightful. Some details do not seem very credible, but that does not matter. Milly is a genuine and very human creation with her weakness and her fine touches of generosity. The author can render both tenderness and cattishness, and she realizes the man's point of view about letting a woman loose among his habits and objecting to the scenes women seem to emphasize and enjoy. The horrified discussions and manœuvres of the Bott family are beautiful. They and others make unguarded remarks about their erring sister-in-law, and while they find her attractive, they have "a kind of second wind of appreciation of their wives. Alec was thinking of getting Ruth something—perhaps a new garage, which he badly needed . . ."

Wiser than all of them is the grandmother who dominates the last scene.

THE COAT WITHOUT SEAM. By MAURICE BARING. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

MR. BARING in his leisurely way is always attractive. Here he rather restricts his story by concentrating on the hero alone. Christopher Trevenen, half-Irish and half-French, is the only character developed at length, except, perhaps, the widow whom he ought to have married and, oddly enough, did not. A non-practising Catholic with brains, he passes into the diplomatic service, turns himself out of it by publishing an injudicious letter, becomes a private secretary and then a foreign correspondent for an English editor. His way of seeing things and people, taking up paradoxical positions, refusing to be friendly, and missing, through his own folly, the women who love him begins to be rather irritating, though the discussions on politics and faith are striking. Near the end, however, the interest increases and Mr. Baring produces some of his best prose in passages of real beauty. "The Coat Without Seam" is a sacred relic, and its story has a way of turning up when a crisis in the hero's life occurs. He comes to regard it as a significant hint that lives, however patchy and purposeless, have a real unity, if one could only see it.

FARTHING HALL. By HUGH WALPOLE and J. B. PRIESTLEY. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

THE collaborators in this epistolary novel must have enjoyed themselves as much in making it as any other people in reading it. Evidently they agreed to discard present-day precepts of novel-writing, for, reverting to the nineteenth-century ideal, they have given us a pleasantly old-fashioned entertainment. Not only are the hero and sub-hero with their mates made "happy-ever-after," but marriages are "arranged" between two pairs of subordinate characters all four of whom might, in any calm consideration of their chances, be regarded as highly speculative candidates for conjugal success. There is scarcely a suggestion that could bring a blush to any atavistic great-granddaughter of Mrs. Grundy. Love at first sight, unbreakable as a diamond; the pursuit of the beloved into the wilds of Cumberland; encounters with her drunken father and degraded brother; her salvation from the regulation matrimonial sacrifice required to pay off the family mortgages—all these time-honoured joys are here in full measure. The flight of the second heroine, of whom we knew far more than of the *ingénue*, from her stolid husband to the neighbourhood of the aforesaid wilds, is one of those examples of the "long arm" which are frequent enough in life to be legitimate in fiction. The least familiar character in the novel is Mr. Trump, the village innkeeper—a delightful person, whose method of checkmating an oppressive wife may be commended to any henpecked husband.

BOOKS

THE SHEPHERD AND THE CHILD. By JOHN OWEN. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

THE ability to present states of mind proper to individual temperaments, and outside the familiar round of elementary passions, is rare, and is, indeed, almost entirely withheld from some of the most popular writers of the day. It is possessed in a notable degree by John Owen, whose characters, in this original story of East Anglian rural life, are for the most part as fresh as they are clearly realized.

Two only of the people in the book are of the regular set. These are the rustic beauty, Prudence, and the handsome young dairy farmer, Sidney Earl, whose seduction of Prudence, after she has transferred her smiles to him from the shepherd, leads to the final tragedy. But even this familiar pair are not presented in a commonplace way. Their entire selfishness and their methods of captivation are shown with the clearness and economy of description that distinguish the book.

Sebastian, the "child" of the title, whose intense sense of pity is the mainspring of the plot, is naturally attracted to the shepherd, whose own sense of the sacredness of life has, in a very distinct manner, been affected by his experiences in the war.

The excellence of the two leading characters, as works of literary art, is equalled in the presentation of two women—Hannah, the young housekeeper at Sebastian's home, and Prudence's aunt, Mrs. Hattle. Hannah's reaction to the artful courting of Sidney Earl is admirably depicted, as are the shrewd understanding and essentially well-bred mind of the other woman.

THE THREE COURIERS. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

SEVERAL popular writers have already turned their knowledge of secret war service in the Mediterranean States to good account, but Mr. Mackenzie has given a moderately fresh turn to the subject by introducing many incidents which seriously reflect on the characteristics of certain types of intelligence officer, naval and military commanders, and of some "exalted personages" at a time when the neutrality of more than one European State was in the balance. That it is scarcely possible to doubt the historical basis of many striking occurrences described adds to the attraction of this tripartite tale, while we may wonder how, such things being possible, there was any useful secrecy at all in some critical regions of espionage. The gang of agents who act under the attempted control of a common-minded but zealous naval commander and his still more common assistant are like creations of comic opera. Reading of the performances of these extraordinary spies and the monstrous, grotesque "wizard" with his

ridiculous entourage, we may almost be led to say that we "believe in them, because they are impossible."

A love interest is provided by the tragic tale of a French woman spy and the rather pathetic experience of a Florentine dancer.

W. H. HELM.

SQUIRREL'S CAGE. By GODFREY WINN. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

THE life of the theatre is the squirrel's cage whence, it would seem, none but the brainless and the virtuous can hope to escape. Thus we find Babs the fluffy, with a small part in musical comedy, and still smaller ambition, blithely marrying her stolid baronet and taking, duck-like, to the conventions and county society. But green-eyed Tonie, her friend, with ideas and a soul that is wrapped in her "art," surrenders duly to the sex urge (if so it may be termed) and, climbing swiftly to "stellar" altitudes, crashes dolefully at the finish. It is not, however, easy to see why one first-night's organized "booing" need have blighted her career for ever as a star. Perhaps it did not, since we leave her on her way to sup with a wealthy Hebrew admirer whose intentions throughout have been none of the clearest.

The theatrical types portrayed are of the sort that is becoming familiar, but the loves of Tonie and Chris, her absurdly casual soul-mate, are treated with delicacy and no little humour. There are, moreover, pleasant pictures of a Hampshire vicarage and of Ragusa and the adjacent coasts, while the author handles a mixed bathing scene by moonlight (in a tank at Richmond) with commendably British restraint. The book is written with zest, and will be relished by all to whom stage life is a mirage or a Mecca, but Americanisms like "all afternoon" and "all evening" are to be deplored.

A KING WHO WAS A KING. By H. G. WELLS. Benn. 7s. 6d.

MR. WELLS is a born Utopian. Perhaps all imaginative scientists must be, for they realize that the age-long process we call civilization is capable of carrying us on to any marvels and of modifying human behaviour to suit the ultimate needs of the race; and Mr. Wells—for all that specialists may quarrel with his history, his science, and his strange views of the world of the future—has the gift of imagination which gives him significance. His new book has invented a form of literature. It is a novel written in the shorthand prose of incident, caption, and producer's direction of a film scenario. In reading it conveys a film as the reading of a published play conveys a play. Its language is necessarily picture-language, and one puts down the book with the feeling of having been present at a super-intelligent film.

It shows its author as having a remarkable knowledge of every trick and possibility of the cinema, and if it adds nothing to these (we should not expect it to) it at least presses them into service, and one would like to see a producer of imagination and resource using this deliberate work of a creative artist.

The story and plot—of the man from the New World called to be king of a small but economically important State whose national jealousies are being traded upon to press it into a war to serve the interests of big business and the Great Powers, of his will for peace opposed to their plans, of plot and counter-plot, and of his triumphant dictatorship, with the love interest which Mr. Wells has interwoven—make good cinema. It is crude and too romantically easy; but the cinema is like that: subtlety is not its language.

There is a preliminary chapter on the subject of the cinema, and Mr. Wells's approach to it cannot be missed by anyone interested in the progress of this youngest and most active of the arts.

THE GEORGIAN NOVEL AND MR. ROBINSON. By STORM JAMESON. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THIS witty and well-written lecture is, so far as it goes, frank in its criticism of the Georgian novelists. They are not all young in years, but they have got past Messrs. Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy, now to be regarded as "half-legendary figures in a background which is all the more portentous because we are trying to keep our backs to it." Mr. Robinson, a member of the ordinary intelligent public, is the lecturer's travelling companion on her quest. He wants a good story, and he won't get it until the novelist has "some philosophy of life, some *faith*, perhaps, which lies hidden in the writer's mind all the time he is writing." Characters seriously developed should show some vision of man in relation to man, to Fate, or to God. It is here that the lecturer makes her best point. Technically, some of the Georgian novelists excel, as is shown by the long quotation from Montague's "Right off the Map," but, as a whole, they have "a blind spot, a dead end," because they do not appear to believe in anything but themselves. They can find

> No single volume paramount, no code,
> No master spirit, no determined road.

To stand at the parting of the ways and cry "No thoroughfare!" in all directions is stupid. Mr. Robinson, as we know him, feels it so; and who shall blame him?

The chosen protagonists of latter-day fiction are Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Aldous Huxley. Mrs. Woolf can write prose of remarkable beauty, but she "lacks humanity," and Mr. Robinson

certainly does not understand her time-sense. Mr. Huxley suffers from "inverted sentimentality," and is too much the prey of disordered nerves and a disgusted mind. Not so is greatness achieved. Scepticism, the failure of hope, the open sneering at any idea of a brighter future, are "deadly and withering things." Unrest and discomfort belong to today and may be inevitable, but besides lack of faith there is lack of knowledge. Science with its wonderful new vistas ought to influence the really great novelist, who will translate them, as the lecturer says, into *his own terms*. Thus he will be thoroughly representative of his time.

The new freedom of sexual descriptions has produced, and continues to produce, much that is disgusting and not, so far as we can see, of much advantage to art. Authors are not bound by any divine law of their being to surprise truth in all her hiding-places, and it is pointed out that there are notable exceptions to these orgies. We think that Mr. Robinson by this time is heartily sick of them, and perhaps that is why he reads so many "crook" novels, preferring them to the pyjama and lavatory school of fiction. Presumably the sexual obsession will die down when the popular novel ceases to aim at the titillation of shop-girls and young women grow tired of printing bad language and their racy sermons on lust.

THE STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE

FACSIMILES OF PLAYS FROM THE FIRST FOLIO SHAKESPEARE. AS YOU LIKE IT—THE WINTER'S TALE—JULIUS CÆSAR—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Each with an Introduction by J. DOVER WILSON, and a host of Modern Readings. Faber and Gwyer. 6s.

THESE facsimiles of separate plays of Shakespeare, taken from the Grenville copy of the First Folio in the British Museum, are of great importance to the genuine Shakespearean, and might well deter the wild amateur from the more hopeless of his suggestions on textual matters. The cost of a First Folio is, of course, prohibitive, and entire facsimiles of the book are expensive. Here the reader can study the First Folio text of a particular play at a moderate price, see a list of modern readings and fairly certain conjectures at the end, and learn a great deal from the comments of Dr. Dover Wilson, who has taken a leading part in the new discoveries. His prefaces are brief but full of matter the expert alone can provide. The latest research has gone back to Shakespeare's actual script, which was, so far as we can judge, difficult and a frequent source of error in printing. Where a text is apparently guaranteed as fairly free from corruption, like that of the *Winter's Tale*, it does not follow that it presents what Shakespeare wrote. The "allowed book" of this play was

missing three months before the First Folio was licensed, and it was consequently in all probability made up out of the assembling of the written players' parts with the help of the theatrical "plot," a kind of skeleton of the plays with lists of characters. This source of text is still, as is remarked, *sub judice*. But it affords explanations which are certainly wanted.

Antony and Cleopatra requires far more corrections than the *Winter's Tale*, but is regarded by Dr. Wilson as "belonging to genuine Shakespearean manuscript." The misprints are nearly all to be ascribed to Shakespeare's hand. Thus the "autumn" that "grew the more by reaping," commonly printed in modern texts, is Theobald's masterly conjecture for "Anthony," and is explained by the form "autome," which might easily be misread as "antonie." The discovery and comparison of misprints in the various plays are invaluable as a check on rash emendation. Spedding's "pulpiter" for "Jupiter," now generally accepted in *As You Like It*, is also to be explained as a compositor's or transcriber's slip. The lists of readings at the end include most things that are sanctioned by authority, but the editor does not pledge himself to endorse everything. We think he might have added to *As You Like It* "my father's child" instead of "my child's father," a suggestion by Rowe which Coleridge endorsed. The First Folio has no line numbering, but an ingenious card-indicator is supplied, by using which any line in a given column can be identified.

GENERAL

WOMEN AND SOCIETY. By MEYRICK BOOTH. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

THIS is a very valuable and sensible book. Dr. Booth has an ample knowledge of the relevant literature, both at home and abroad, and brings back to good sense issues that have been obscured by the leaders of feminism and are ignored by the public. Meanwhile, women—often ill-equipped for reasoning—are allowed to give their views in a Press which seems devoted above all things to pleasing women. The main point is that the essential differences of sex and sex aptitudes are forgotten. In the post-war world we have seen women trying to look as much like boys as possible, and seeking after a career which takes a masculine form. They have ignored the tasks for which they are best fitted, and in spite of their claim to robustness, they show an increasing failure to cope with maternity. The Public School girl has the same ideals as the Public School boy. On the other hand, there are now schools which concentrate on home training. Individual freedom—the only constant idea in the Women's Movement—tends to annihilate the home and monogamous

marriages, and man does not appear to have any rights at all! An important chapter is that on the supposed large excess of women over men, urged as a plea for pseudo-masculinity. It is pointed out that in England and Wales in 1926 the women of marriageable age were fewer than the men. Many of the so-called "superfluous women" have made themselves so by thrusting men out of the work which might lead to enough to support a family. "Sex equality" is a fine cry, but Dr. Booth aptly remarks that it will be "a long time before a woman M.P. will bring in a Bill to render wives equally liable with their husbands in the eye of the law." His clear thinking and copious documentation should be impressive to those who believe in a reasoned social philosophy.

THE ENGLISH WATERCOLOUR PAINTERS. By C. E. HUGHES. Benn. 6d.

THOUGH the monastic painters of the Middle Ages used transparent pigments mingled with opaque white, watercolour painting in this country really dates from 1637, in which year the Bohemian, Wenceslaus Hollar, settled in England. His work, like that of his successors for more than a century, was produced with a reed pen and thin washes of a few colours only. From the middle of the eighteenth century, however, this art, hitherto little more than the handmaiden of the engraver, began to be practised, like oil painting, for its own inherent beauty. Sandby, Cozens, Gainsborough, and Girtin all contributed to broaden and multiply the uses of the medium, and to rescue it from the narrow conventions imposed by the architect and topographer; and, finally, in the following century the English watercolour school reached its zenith in the work of Crome, Constable, and Turner.

Mr. Hughes writes pleasantly, and provides a useful condensed history of an art in which England has specially excelled.

The price of "Must England's Beauty Perish?" is 1s., *not* 6s. *as given in our last issue.*

Although every precaution is taken, the Editor will not be responsible for the loss or damage of manuscripts sent in for consideration; nor can he undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.